"Hollywood A Flop Without Broadway"
By Ed Sullivan

Silver Screen

10¢

NRA CODE

April

MAR 11 1935
PERIODICAL DIVISION

ADVANCE COPY

Constance Bennett
See page 28

"To New York By Airway And Anyway, With Carole Lombard."
By Elizabeth Wilson

For beauty of lips and neck-line enjoy Double Mint gum. Every day! Wherever and whenever convenient! It is a sure beauty exercise.
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
DOUBLE · DISTILLED · PEPPERMINT
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
P 51

"Of course I'll go—

LISTERINE got rid of my SORE THROAT"

METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA, direct from its N.Y. Stage—Broadcast by LISTERINE announced by *Geraldine Farrar* . . . Every Saturday . . . All NBC Stations

Gargle with **LISTERINE** *twice a day to fight colds*

Safe antiseptic relieves inflammation *Quickly*

It is wonderful how often Listerine relieves the pain associated with ordinary sore throat—the kind of sore throat that usually warns you of the onset of a cold. Frequently two treatments, and often one, are sufficient to get rid of that raw, constricted, painful feeling.

The instant Listerine enters the mouth and proceeds to the throat, it begins to work. Listerine attacks the bacteria lodged there in tremendous numbers; kills millions on throat and mouth surfaces.

The inflammation is quickly relieved by the destruction of the germs which cause it and by the soothing boric acid Listerine contains.

If, after several treatments with Listerine, your sore throat still persists, call your doctor. Some types of sore throat are exceedingly dangerous and should be treated only by a competent physician. Others may be the result of a chronic tonsil infection. Against these, Listerine can do very little.

The most common type, however, and the one against which Listerine *is* effective, is that related to a cold. In this connection, let us point out that full strength Listerine used twice daily as a gargle is an efficient aid in fighting colds.

Bacteriologists explain that Listerine kills the germs associated with colds before they have a chance to multiply and pass on to infect other near-by tissues.

Careful tests have revealed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught *fewer* colds and *less severe* colds than those who did not gargle with it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

FEB 27 1935

The Opening Chorus

Norma Shearer, when she received the Academy award for her performance in "A Free Soul."

LETTER FROM LIZA

(Home Wanted For Some Statuettes)

AS WE go to press, right merrily too, those little gold statuettes that the Academy awards to the actor and actress who have given the best performances during the year, are still reposing at the jeweller's, but oh what a lot of talk they are causing in this town. Riots are breaking out in all the best places and it's gotten so that no dinner party is complete without a wrangle over the awards.

The picture people seem to agree (fortunately for them, otherwise I'd run amuck on a foggy night and do a little expert throat slitting) that Claudette Colbert deserves to be a candidate not only for her grand performance in "It Happened One Night," but also in "Imitation of Life."

And most of the folks agree that Norma Shearer's Elizabeth Browning in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was really something—but when the name of Grace Moore is mentioned the bloodshed begins. The Academy, it seems, forgot to remember that the award is for acting, not singing.

And, speaking of acting, Bette Davis' performance in "Of Human Bondage" established a new high in screen acting, and it's Bette who should have been made a candidate along with Claudette and Norma. And, of course, as a dyed-in-the-wool Myrna Loy fan I do think that, after "The Thin Man," Myrna should have been a runner-upper or something. I think I'll just go out and buy her a gold statue myself.

The biggest excitement in pictures lately is Constance Collier, who made her debut recently in a little trifle called "Shadow of Doubt." And there seems to be no shadow of doubt but what Miss Collier will be one of the screen sensations of 1935. Don't miss her first picture.

And don't miss Shirley Temple's tap dancing in "The Little Colonel." That grand top-notcher in tapping, Bill Robinson, taught Shirley how to imitate him in his intricate stairway dance, and Bill says, of all the people he has taught in his life, no one ever caught on so quickly as little Shirley. By the way, the two became great pals during the picture, and when it was finished Shirley gave Bill a miniature of herself in the old-fashioned dress and pantaloons she wears in one sequence, and he claims it is his most cherished possession.

They're the taps—

Liza

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REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

APRIL 1935

VOLUME FIVE
NUMBER SIX

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF CONSTANCE BENNETT
By MARLAND STONE

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HEADS UP, FILM FANS!

. . . for M-G-M's greatest film festival o'er land and sea!

Now all the heaven's a stage for Uncle Sam's fighting, flying men. You'll thrill as never before when you see the famed "Hi-Hats" wing into action! You'll grin as you watch the West Pointers getting a P G course in courage and daring! And you'll weep with the girls they leave behind as they soar into the skies to keep a date with the angels!

It took six months, thousands of men, $50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

Wallace Beery

in

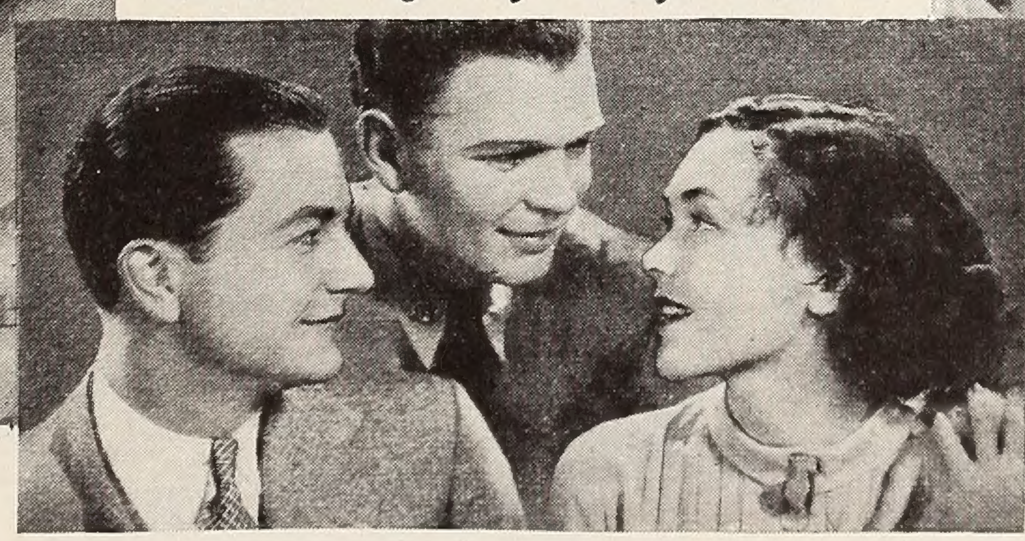
WEST POINT of the AIR

with

ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture

The two old-timers who sat around...*and wore out their brains!*

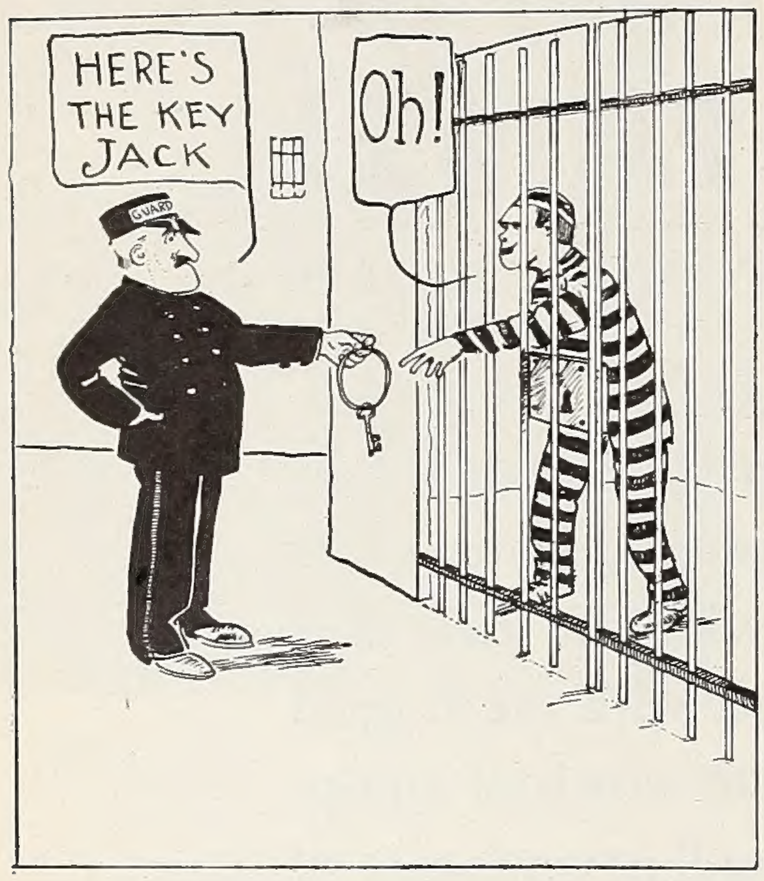


The three mosquiteers of Randoph Field
...whose cradle was a cockpit!

The girl who loved as they lived...*dangerously!*

Puzzle Pictures

Each Is The Name Of A Screen Player.



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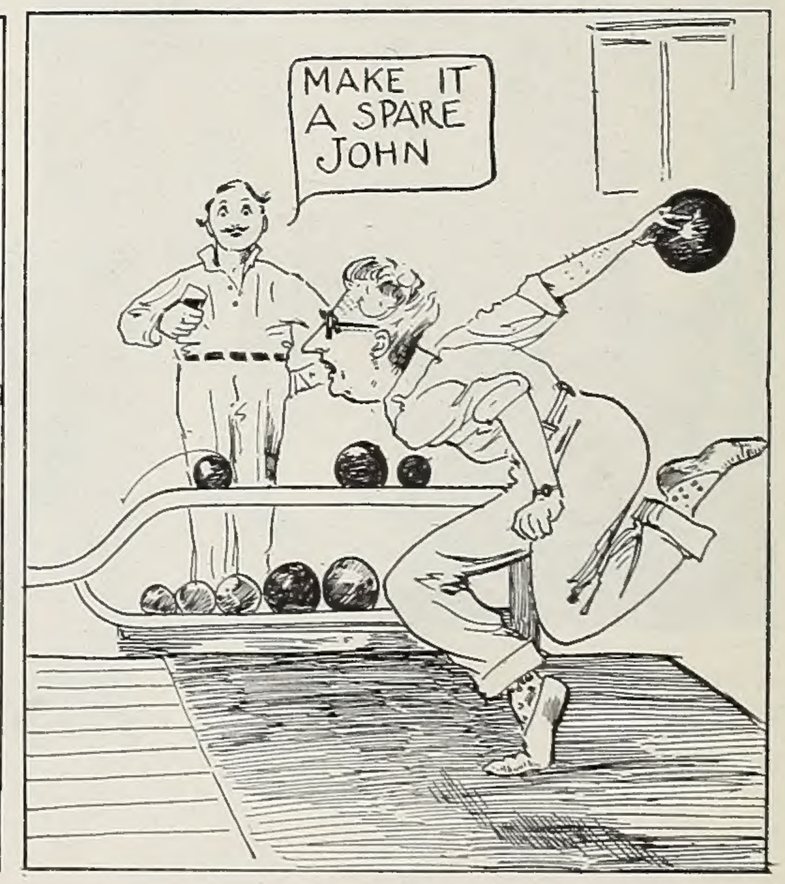

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What Stars' Names Are Represented By These Puzzle Pictures?

IF YOU are familiar with the names of the stars, you will recognize them. By this means we are enabled to use for alphabet soup the letters which ordinarily would be used.

Cudgel your brains. Crack down on your imagination, wrest the answer from your grey matter, or turn to page 80 where you will find the names listed. And won't you feel foolish!

"Spanish Blonde"

By JAMES A. DANIELS

When she's bad, she's very, very good! That's Marlene Dietrich's success story in one short sentence. • The wickeder she is on the screen the more the screen-goers love her. The more masculine hearts she shatters the louder the fans cheer. • Look at the record: In "Blue Angel" she played an alluring but heartless siren who wrecked the life and career of a man who adored her. The fans promptly voted her the biggest box office attraction of the day.

"Blue Angel"

"Shanghai Express"

"Morocco" added new legions of Dietrich fans. And when their Marlene swept devastatingly across the colorful Chinese background in "Shanghai Express" the whoops of delight from her admirers could be heard from Times Square to Timbuctoo. So here's the good news of the day: La Dietrich is back in character—this time as the

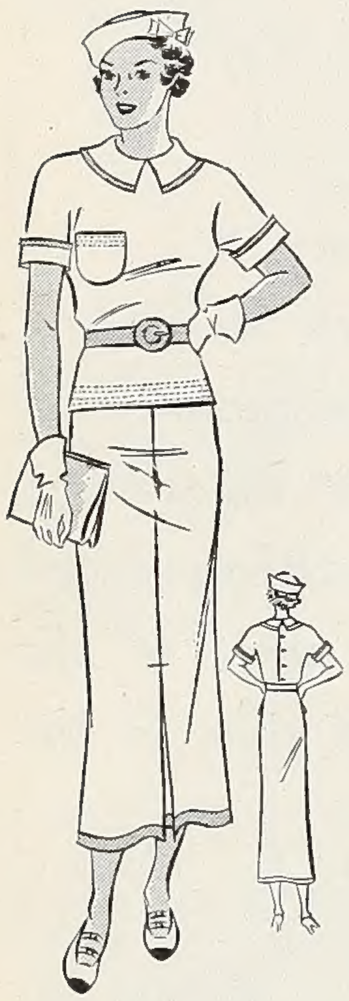
"Morocco"

"Carnival In Spain"

heartless and exotic blonde Spanish dancer in Paramount's "Carnival in Spain." • Once again she exercises the fatal charm that brings men to her feet. And once again she tramples on their hearts. As that rarest and most alluring of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene takes everything and gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg, "Carnival in Spain" unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!

(Advertisement)

Helen Vinson's SPORTS FROCK



Pattern SS126 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 38. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39 inch fabric and ½ yard contrasting.

Price of Pattern, 15¢. Price of Catalog, 15¢. Pattern and Catalog together, 25¢.

This gay sports frock is made of a good, medium weight and fairly crinkly white crêpe banded by strips of fuschia, one of which runs through a dull blue buckle. Matching dull blue buttons fasten it down the back. That fashionable little peplum, which perks up the front and ceases to be in back, is stitched about four times to give it body and a new look. Don't you love it? It's simple and carefree, even to the kimona sleeves and the "little boy" collar.

Silver Screen Pattern Dept.,
45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed.....send to

.....
(Name)

.....
(Address)

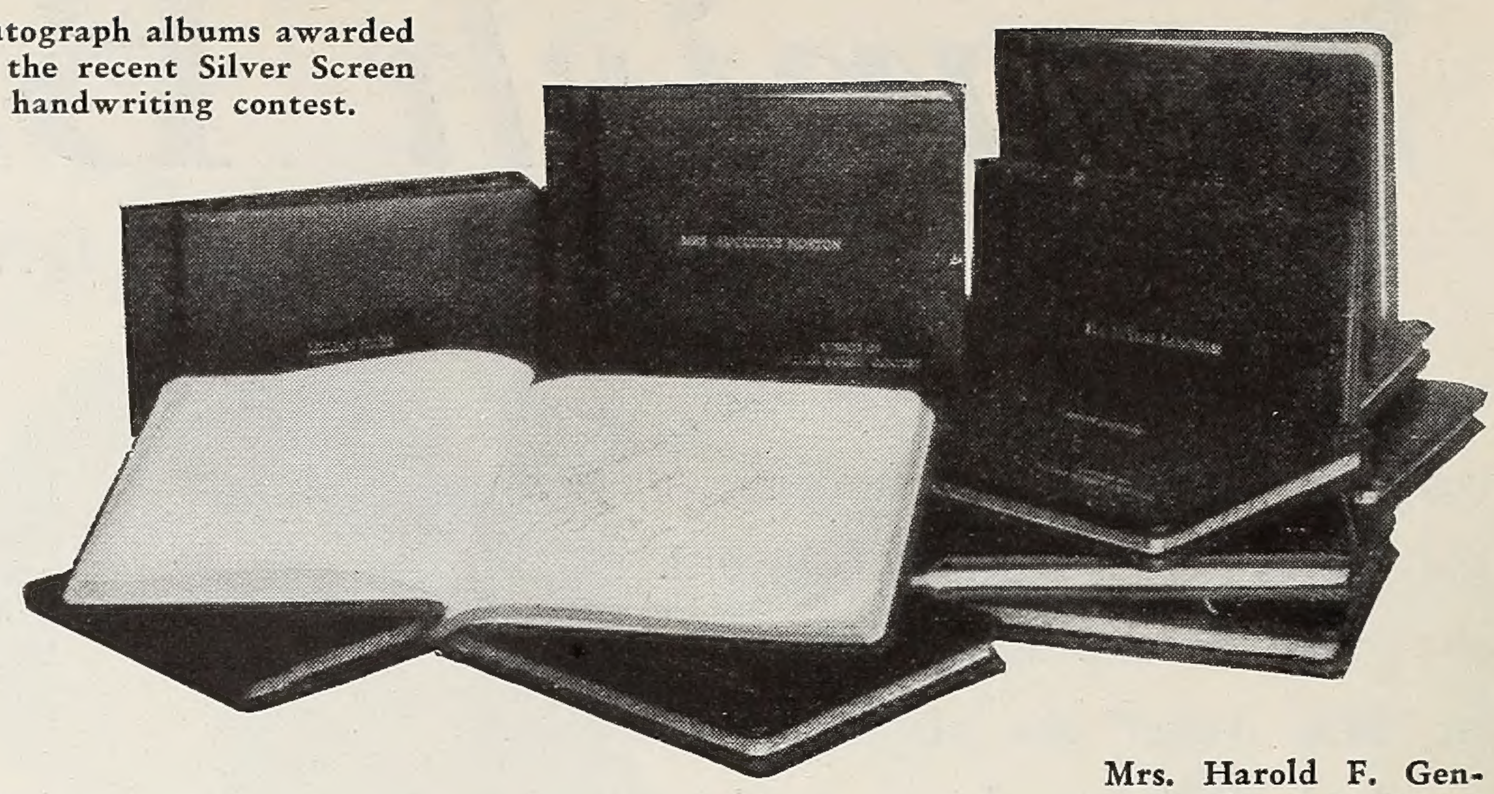
.....
(City and State)

Pattern of Helen Vinson's dress (No. SS126)

Size .....

Fashion Book? Yes or No.....

Autograph albums awarded in the recent Silver Screen handwriting contest.



Mrs. Harold F. Gentry's album in center already signed by Gene Raymond.

A NEW Handwriting CONTEST

Send In A Specimen Of Your Handwriting. It May Win You A Beautiful Autograph Album Signed By Your Favorite Star.

MANY famous artists are the delight of connoisseurs because of the beauty of their etching line. The control of a point by the human hand always brings out characteristic individualities. To enter this contest write the slogan—"I Enjoy The Movies"—use the coupon below.

On this coupon you will find a blank line on which you are to indicate which star's signature you particularly would like to have, if you are fortunate enough to win one of the real leather covered autograph albums.

The albums are stamped in gold with the name of the winner, and also with the words "Winner of Silver Screen Contest." This is done so that when you present your album to some star, who is visiting your city, he will see at once that you are entitled to consideration. You will find, if you win one of these autograph albums, that the name of the motion picture star will give such an importance to your album that any one else you care to ask for a signature will gladly inscribe their name in your book. There will be fifty albums awarded.

After the fifty most interesting examples of handwriting have been selected, the albums will be manufactured and marked with the names of the fortunate winners. These albums will then be sent to Hollywood, there to be signed by your favorite star.

READ THE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY.

CONDITIONS

1. **Fifty autograph albums will be awarded for the fifty most interesting handwriting examples of the phrase—"I Enjoy The Movies."**
2. **The sample of your handwriting must appear on the coupon below.**
3. **You may submit as many specimens as you wish but each must appear on a separate coupon.**
4. **Indicate the star whom you wish to have sign your book.**
5. **This contest closes midnight, April 6, 1935.**
6. **The opinion of the editor is final.**
7. **On the cover of the album will appear, in gold, your name and credit to you as prize winner.**
8. **Mail coupon to Autograph Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.**

Mail to
Autograph Editor, Silver Screen,
45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Use this space for handwriting slogan .....

Name of star whose autograph you wish .....

Your name .....
(please print)

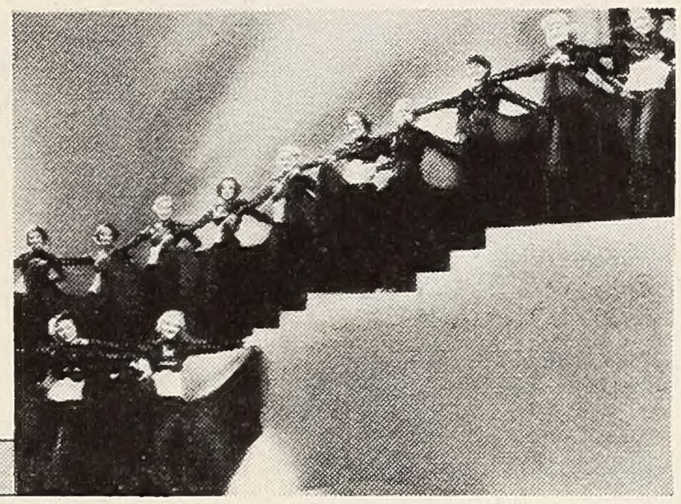
Address ..... City & State .....

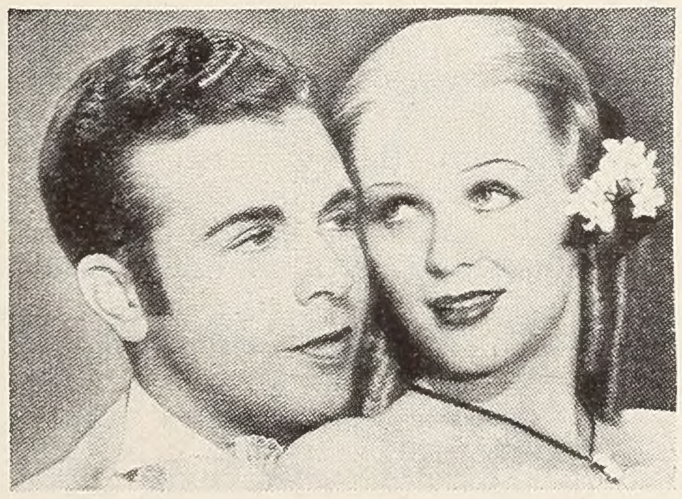
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

At Last, After Two Years of Preparation, Warner Bros. Have Completed the Sumptuous Successor to the World-Famous "Gold Diggers of 1933"—a Show so Indescribably Stunning that We're Tempted to Change Our "Picture of the Month" Rating Right Now to "The Picture of the Year"!

In dance numbers such as "The Ballet of the Baby Grands", Warner Bros. touch a new high in spectacular surprise.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935





The hundreds of gorgeous Gold Diggers seem actually more beautiful than they were two years ago . . . And

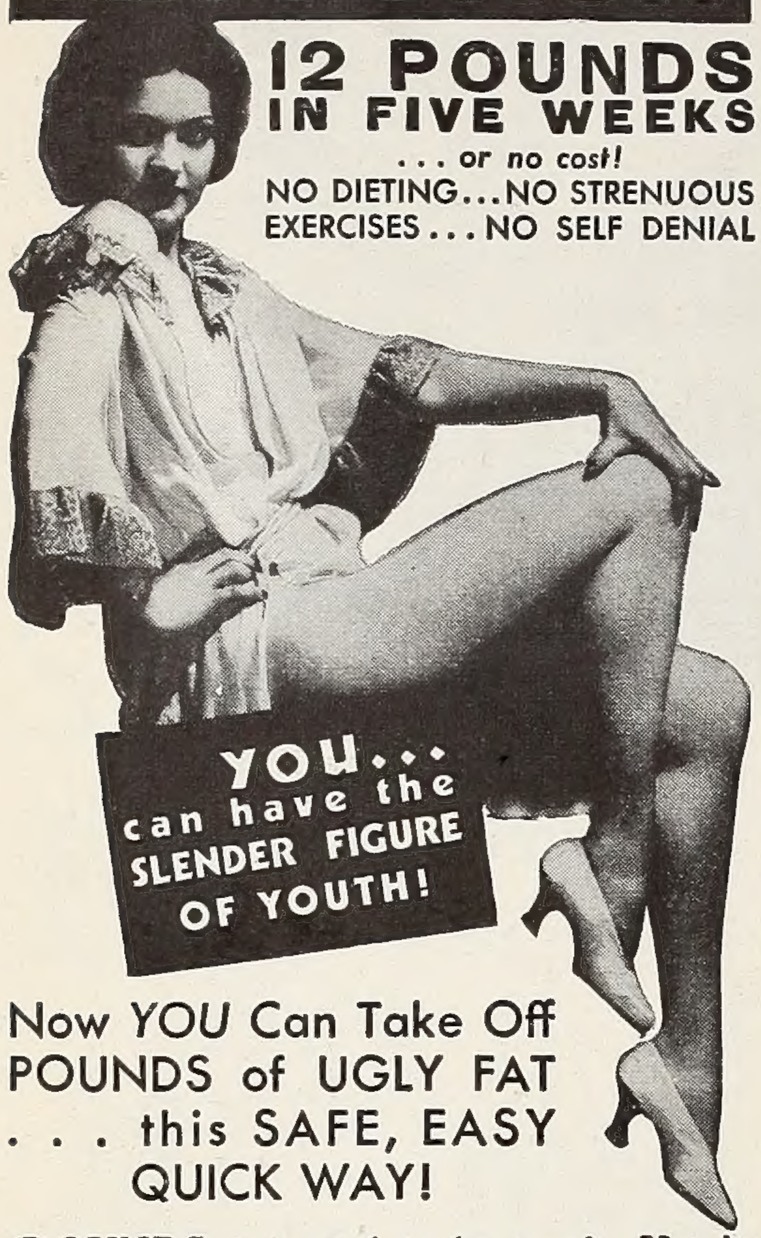
DICK POWELL

leads a round dozen of Hollywood favorites in the most side-splitting story that's ever been set to music—

GLORIA STUART, ADOLPHE MENJOU ALICE BRADY, GLENDA FARRELL FRANK McHUGH, HUGH HERBERT WINIFRED SHAW, DOROTHY DARE JOE CAWTHORN, GRANT MITCHELL and famous RAMON & ROSITA

Credit BUSBY BERKELEY for the brilliant direction of both story and spectacle . . . And a low, sweeping bow to Warren & Dubin for authoring the widely radioed songs that have made "Gold Diggers of 1935" famous long before it reaches your favorite theatre — **"Lullaby of Broadway"—"The Words Are in My Heart"—"I'm Going Shopping With You."**

GUARANTEED WEIGHT REDUCTION



Now *YOU* Can Take Off POUNDS of UGLY FAT . . . this SAFE, EASY QUICK WAY!

SOUNDS too good to be true? Yet it *is* true. Redusols increase your metabolism; which after all is nothing more than turning surplus fat into energy. You will be amazed at your increased vitality.

YOU MAY EAT WHAT YOU WISH AND AS MUCH AS YOU WANT

■ There is no need to change your present mode of living, yet objectionable, surplus fat—especially around hips and waist—will quickly disappear.

THE REDUSOL WAY IS THE SAFE WAY!

■ Beware of products claiming more rapid reduction—physicians agree that 15 pounds a month is the limit of safety. And, do not accept any substitute for SAFE Redusols—the harmless capsules which reduce fat by perfecting metabolism. Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredient. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

READ HOW A SECRETARY OF STATE REDUCED 18 POUNDS IN 5 WEEKS!

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Dear Sirs:
I am very glad to tell you that Redusols have reduced my weight 18 pounds in the past 5 weeks. Before taking Redusols I weighed 205 pounds. I now have a fine appetite, eat 3 good meals a day, feel energetic and ambitious, and yet have reduced my weight to 187 pounds. This has been done without diet or tiring exercises . . . simply by taking Redusols.
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DON'T WAIT...MAIL COUPON NOW

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9 East 40th St., Dept. 154, New York City

☐ Enclosed find $3.00, please forward, postpaid, one box of 90 Redusols Capsules in plain wrapper.
☐ Send Redusols Capsules, C. O. D. I will pay postman $3.00 (plus 23 cents postage).
If I do not lose at least 12 pounds after taking the first box of Redusols as directed, you will refund my $3.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Orders from Canada & Foreign Countries Cash in Advance

KEEPING ROBERT YOUNG

Betty Young, the pretty wife of Robert Young, prepares a tasty dish to set before her favorite actor and husband.

Recipes Always Give One An Appetite.

By Ruth Corbin

PRETTY, auburn-haired Betty Young started out originally to be a musical comedy queen. She worked hard for seven years with this goal in mind. She sang with an orchestra in order to pay her way through the university where she majored in dramatics and expression. Then, she finally wound up in a kitchen.

It isn't as sad as it sounds, however, for the kitchen belongs to the beautiful home in Beverly Hills that Robert Young has provided for her and their adorable baby, Carol Ann.

I visited with Betty the other day. It was the cook's day off and she was getting lunch for her hard-working, young husband who was coming all the way from Culver City in order to have his mid-day meal with her.

Carol Ann has just reached the ripe age of one year and she is getting into everything and could keep two maids busy following her around and keeping her out of mischief. Her nurse didn't have a chance to sit down during the whole time I was there, except during the period Carol Ann was in her highchair for her meal. The little rascal looks like Robert, even though she is all dimples and fat wrinkles. She has the same eyes and features as her famous daddy.

Betty Young is a beautiful young lady, with clear gray eyes and auburn hair. She takes housekeeping seriously, but not too much so. She told me that it doesn't ruin her day if Robert forgets to hang up his robe or if he drops the Sunday papers around. They bought their home, in the first place, to live in, and that's what they are doing with it, according to Betty.

There is nothing in it to make you think of a museum, even though there are a number of beautiful pieces of furniture, some very rare ceramics and exquisite old tapestries that might well belong in one.

Betty is a typical, poised and lovely college girl, who still keeps in touch with her sorority friends. Robert has just been made an associate member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon and a patron of Phi Beta, and most of their friends belong to the collegiate crowd from U. C. L. A.

When they were first married, Betty knew practically nothing about cooking. She had managed to cook her breakfasts Sunday mornings at the sorority house during the five years she was there, but that was about all. However, like most young brides, she determined to learn and she refused to let Robert hire a cook when they started housekeeping.

They rented a French Normandy house in Los Angeles and she set to work. Luckily, Robert doesn't care for pastries so that made things much easier. She stuck to steaks and hamburger in the beginning, because he is quite fond of them, and she found them comparatively easy to prepare.

Then she graduated to liver and onions and stuffed pork chops. She gave me her recipe for the latter and it sounded so good that I went right home and tried it myself.

Robert is on a diet now, so she doesn't cook them too often. She serves liver and onions, or liver and rasher bacon, three times a week. She soaks the liver in salt water for about twenty minutes before she fries it, because she has found that this removes the strong taste from the meat. Robert likes it equally well with either onions or bacon. He likes mushroom sauce with his steak.

Betty was telling me about the first week of their married life. It was an eventful one in every way. In the first place, the studio strike was on. Then the banks closed and the contract players were given a cut

in salary. And finally, the big California earthquake occurred exactly a week after they were married. Betty didn't feel it however, so she missed out on this particular thrill.

Robert called her on the phone and told her he was working late that evening and asked her to come over to the studio and have dinner with him there. So she went, forgetting for the moment that she had some nice meat balls and spaghetti in the oven. She had taken a lot of care in preparing them and it was her first attempt with this particular dish. However, in the excitement of going to the studio she forgot all about them.

Being in the car, she did not feel the earthquake when it occurred, and when she saw people run out into the street she thought they were excited about a hold-up or something like that, so she didn't give it a thought.

When she arrived at the studio, Robert rushed over to her and took her in his arms and breathed thankfully:

"Darling. I'm so glad you are safe!"

She was taken aback and asked what on earth was the matter and he told her there had been a big earthquake. It was at this moment that she remembered her dinner in the oven at home.

"Horrors!" she exclaimed, "My lovely meat balls!"

And was Robert let down. He has never ceased to joke her about the fact that when the calamity occurred and he was beside himself worrying about her safety, Betty could think of nothing but her meat balls, roasting at home. But it was all right in the end, for everybody was too nervous to go back and work on the sound stage. So Robert and Betty invited them to go back home and have dinner with them. The meat balls were delicious and they still remain a favorite on the Young menu.

Betty soon developed into a good general cook. She has never attempted anything too complicated, because both Robert and herself have average appetites and desires. At home, they live just like the young bank teller and his wife up the street.

They entertain rarely, and then only small, select gatherings of friends. They spend their evenings together, reading, singing or playing with the baby. Sometimes they go to the neighborhood theatre, and in summers to the beach on Sundays.

When friends drop in afternoons, Betty usually serves orange pekoe and corncrisps spread with prepared cheese. She favors a brand which she buys from a local shop and which is a mixture of cheese and garlic. Both Robert and Betty are meat eaters and they use a small amount of garlic or onion in everything, wherever it is at all possible. Three vegetables are usually served with a meat dinner.

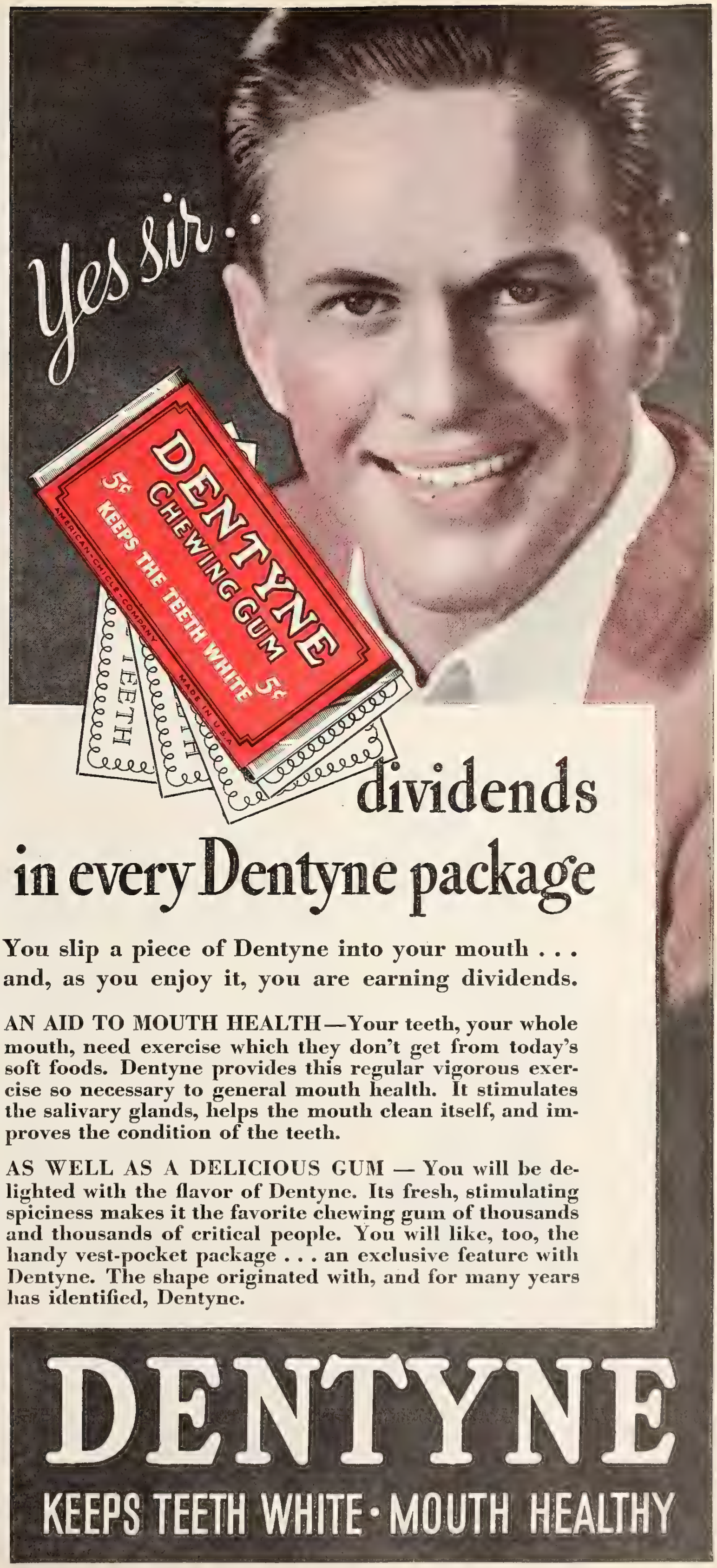
For breakfast, Robert has the same menu always, "day in and day out." It is orange juice, or grape fruit juice, bacon and eggs, toast, coffee and cream.

Once, he put on quite a lot of weight for no known reason, so he eliminated all cream and rich gravies from his foods and soon got down to his normal weight again. He still watches his calories, however, for it seems easy to put on fat.

The day I visited with them, he was looking remarkably well and husky. Robert is not an athletic type even though he stands six feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. He never goes in for sports of any kind and, being a great reader and student, he never acquires much tan and therefore doesn't look as sturdy and strong as he really is.

He is quite fond of cheese and tomato, together or separately. Betty fixes them in a variety of ways. For lunch, Robert likes tomato and crisp bacon on toasted cheese sandwiches, served with tea. As I said before there is never any dessert at the Young

[*Continued on page* 13]



Don't let an UNSIGHTLY SKIN

rob you of ROMANCE, HAPPINESS

DO MEN LOOK your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Stuart's Calcium Wafers simply rid the system of bodily wastes and supply the system with the little calcium nature needs to create a healthy, glowing skin! Even stubborn cases often show marked improvement in a few days. Isn't it worth a trial?

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS

AT ALL DRUG STORES, 10c AND 60c

THEY BLEND WITH YOUR HAIR

New dull textured finish makes these tight holding bob pins almost invisible in your hair. Look for them at your favorite store or write for free sample—specify black, brown, blonde or gray color.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO., Shelbyville, Illinois

REMINGTON PORTABLE

ONLY 10¢ A DAY

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

Buy this beautiful brand new Remington Portable No 5 direct from factory for only 10c a day! Price reduced 25%! Standard 4-row keyboard, standard width carriage, margin release on keyboard, back spacer, automatic ribbon reverse--*every essential feature found in standard typewriters!* Carrying case, typing course *free*. Special *10-day free trial offer*. You don't risk a cent! Write Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 161-4 Buffalo, N.Y. Don't delay. Act *now!*

BLACKHEADS!

NEVER SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS. IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION!

Dissolve Blackheads scientifically with amazing **KLEERPLEX WASH. This wonderful NEW DISCOVERY contains 5 scientific ingredients.** Also refines Large Pores, stops embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine". Clears Muddy, Sallow, Tanned Skin. Has marvelous medicated pore purifying powers. Gets at the cause **QUICKLY! SAFELY! RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES** your skin. Gives you that clean-cut attractive look. **SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT.** No chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed pure **natural product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users —Men and Women.** Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary products. Your skin deserves the best. Get your 2 mos' supply of Kleerplex Wash **TODAY.** Just send $1.— (plus .10 postage) direct to **KLEERPLEX** (Dept. 22) 1 W. 34th St., N. Y. C., or pay postman (plus C. O. D. charge). Outside U. S. $1.25 and no C. O. D.s. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** (Copyright 1934 Kleerplex.)

Jean Parker keeps her perfect figure by using it.

"GETTING right down to fundamentals," my newest starry favorite admonished me, "it's figures that count. Just look at Jean Parker!"

"Yes, just look at her," I agreed. For Jean has what it takes to make us stand up straight and throw our heads back. I've never thought that she had a pretty face. (If this be treason, let me hang for it!) But, oh my stars and stalactites, what a figure! You couldn't take your eyes off her if you tried. And who'd try.

But your measurements aren't Jean's and you will want to know what you can do about it at once . . . without exercise . . . without diet.

Well, the right diet and a few exercises are essential to health, happiness and hilarity. But granted you are sensible about those two things, the right foundation garment is the key to a million dollar figure. And are the manufacturers doing "rights" for you! Lady, they are.

If your figure is more than pretty good, the new pantie girdle will make your heart rejoice. It does so many things for you. Holds you firm and slim, does away with the garter marks showing through your favorite dress and spoiling its lines. Garters are trembling for their future these days. What with lastex-topped stockings that stay up all of their own accord, and the pantie girdle, which gives your figure the proper amount of control and stays down with no garters to hold it, it may well be that your grandchildren will ask you curiously, "Granny, what's a garter?"

Zippers are on the increase in girdles, this spring. Three cheers for this! They are so much more comfortable, so much easier to get into and such time-savers. Lastex is on the increase, too. A two-way stretch material that gives you comfort as well as control is bound to win prizes.

One of the big manufacturers has a new and exciting elastic which he calls Fastidia. It is almost a mesh, beautiful to look at and strong as strong! If you are looking for something that will wear and wear, investigate it.

Such nice things are being done in the way of foundation garments for girls with good figures! What the expression of your face is to your features, the way you carry yourself is to your figure. The right foundation garment helps you carry yourself as you should. You may have the loveliest figure in the world and if you carry yourself badly, no one will ever suspect it. There are too many short mirrors in the world and not enough long ones!

When you see the wonderful garments they are making for evening, you will want several of them. A foundation garment for evening is most important, because, after sundown, the spotlight is on figures.

And wait until you see the garments which are designed for these devastating off-the-shoulder frocks! No straps, yet they stay in place like wax! No pinching in or pulling out, they firmly mold the lines of the body holding the diaphragm flat, the hips firm and straight.

We bring you news of the world's most versatile brassiere. It looks at first glimpse, like a particularly nice one of the usual sort. But, whisk, button it this way and it holds round your throat for the halter neck dresses and those sport frocks that open in the back. Button it *that* way and it is low cut, backless, suitable for any evening gown. Button it criss-cross and it's perfect for sports.

One of the stars had an amusing experience. Try as she would, with the best exercises in the world, she could not establish the figure control she wanted. She wore a heavy foundation garment which did—to give the devil his due—give her a nice figure. Then, one day, she got tired of it, tired of being "controlled." She tossed it away, and wore instead one of the new MisSimplicity garments which are so popular right now. The effect was really quite thrilling. She looked as if she'd lost ten pounds! I asked her if she minded. "As much as a gal that's been let out of jail," she told me. So it isn't the weight that counts, it's the firmness.

Keeping Robert Young

[*Continued from page* 11]

house except when there is "company" for dinner.

They often serve baked macaroni and cheese. And both are fond of scalloped cauliflower. This is prepared first by boiling in salt water until tender. Then, break the head into small pieces with a fork. Place a layer of the cauliflower in a casserole and cover with cream gravy and then a layer of grated American cheese mixed with bread crumbs, then another layer of the cauliflower and gravy and then a top layer of cheese and bread crumbs. Place it in a medium hot oven and leave until browned. It is then ready to serve.

Their "main event" is dinner of course, except on Sundays, when they dine early and rather lightly. Betty gave me one of their favorite "Sunday supper" menus, which they usually serve around 7:30.

Puffy Omelet with Spanish Sauce
Potatoes au gratin — Green Peas
Old-Fashioned Corn Pone — Butter
Avocado with French dressing
Coffee with cream

Here is her recipe for Corn Pone:

2½ cups cornmeal
½ cup molasses
1⅓ cups boiling water
½ cup bacon drippings
1 cup sour milk
½ cup cold water
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon baking soda
1¼ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt

Place the cornmeal in a bowl, pour the boiling water over it, add the molasses and bacon drippings, cool, then stir in the sour milk, soda and cold water beaten together. Next add the eggs which have been well-beaten, and flour, baking powder and salt sifted together. Beat thoroughly, turn into well-greased smoking-hot baking pans, having the batter about half an inch deep. Bake in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes. Cut into squares and serve hot.

Stuffed Pork Chops

6 thick chops
green pepper
three green onions
1 egg
2 cups bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
pepper or paprika to taste

Make a mixture by kneading together bread crumbs, green pepper, green onions chopped fine, and 1 egg, salt and paprika. Make a slit in the chops, dip them in milk and flour and cook in deep fat for several minutes. Take them out, stuff with the mixture, place in a dutch oven and cook until well done.

Although she does not usually serve dessert or pastries, Betty sometimes makes what she calls a One-egg Cinnamon cake which she serves for breakfast with coffee, especially Sunday mornings when they breakfast late. Occasionally, they have this cake with coffee when they come home late from the theatre.

One-Egg Cinnamon Cake

1 cup sugar
¼ cup butter
1 egg, beaten light
½ cup milk
3 teasp. baking powder
1¾ cups flour
1½ teasp. cinnamon
3 tablesp. granulated sugar

Beat butter to a cream, gradually beat in the sugar, egg, milk and flour sifted with the baking powder in the order enumerated. Turn into a buttered pan about eight inches square. Mix the cinnamon and three tablespoons of sugar and dredge it over the top of the mixture. Bake twenty minutes. Serve, cut in squares, when fresh. This can be re-heated by placing for a few minutes in the warming oven.

NOW You can Reduce

. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
THREE INCHES in 10 DAYS
with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . or no cost!

TEST the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere for yourself for 10 days . . . absolutely FREE! Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around the waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense! Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 444, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

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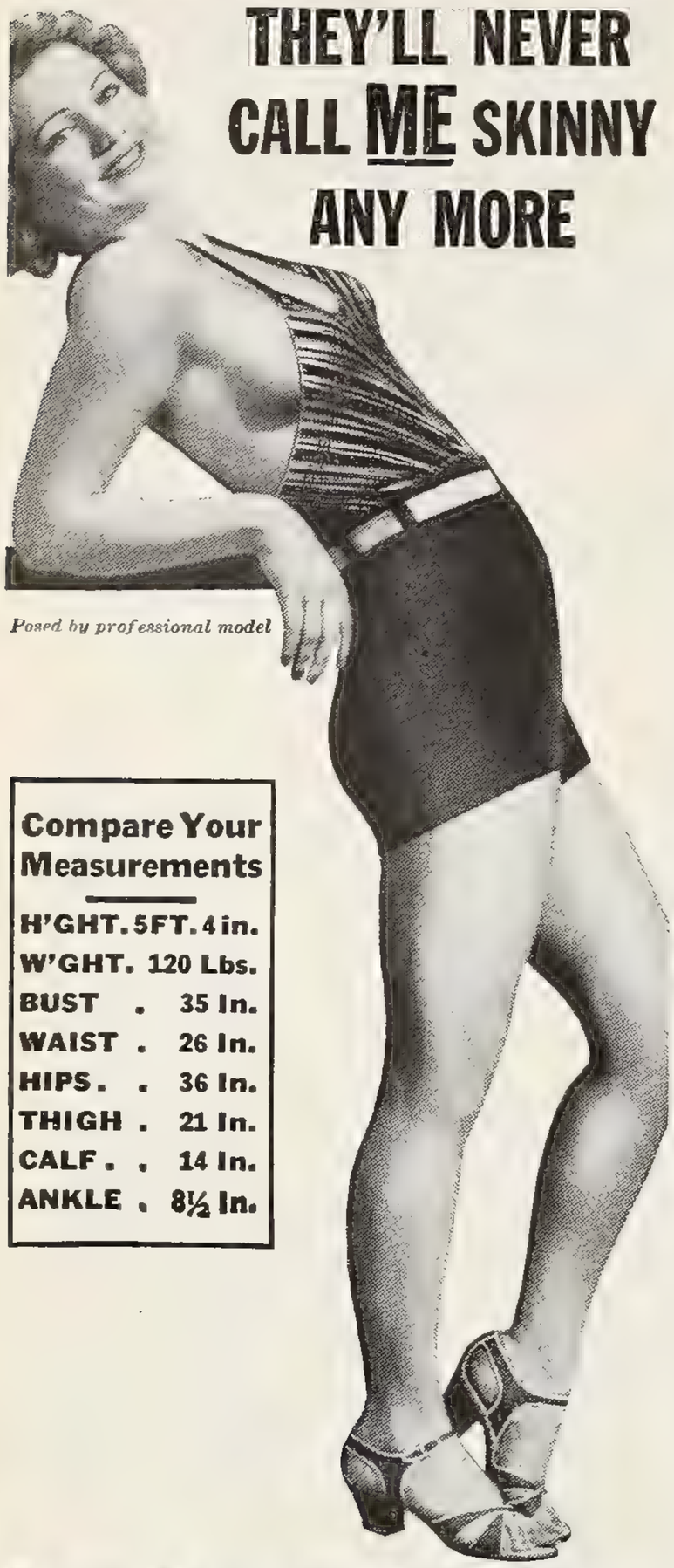
THEY'LL NEVER CALL ME SKINNY ANY MORE



Posed by professional model

Compare Your Measurements

H'GHT.	5FT. 4 in.
W'GHT.	120 Lbs.
BUST	35 In.
WAIST	26 In.
HIPS	36 In.
THIGH	21 In.
CALF	14 In.
ANKLE	8½ In.

New Quick Way Adds 5 to 15 Pounds *fast*

NOW there's no need to be "skinny." Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid attractive flesh, enticing curves—*in just a few weeks.*

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh —*and in a far shorter time.*

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known —which by a new scientific process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous yeast is *ironized* with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Skin clears, constipation vanishes, new health comes—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 264, Atlanta, Ga.

"You're Telling Me?"

Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson in a scene from "Life Begins At 40."

Write A Letter To This Page To Tell The World Your Convictions. Air Your Opinions For Your Own Satisfaction. No Prizes Of Any Sort Are Offered.

"ISN'T Fred Astaire a grand person?" asks Betty Edgerton of W. Arion St., St. Paul, Minn. "His personality and dancing 'gets' a person. I should think a person deep in despondency would leave the theatre, after one of Fred's pictures, ready to dash home and try dancing over the tables, thinking it's a pretty good old world after all."

Don't step in the hamburger.

"THE YOUTH of America have selected Joan Crawford as their ideal," writes W. Myers of Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J. "There's a girl who is becoming finer in everything she undertakes. There are brains and common sense behind her beautiful being. We have just seen 'Forsaking All Others,' and have returned to college invigorated and refreshed. Joan, the Youth of America salutes you!"

Joan, will you try for dear old Rutgers?

HOKE COYNN of Jacksonville, Fla., writes: "Sated with sophisticated cinemas, I was enticed into a theatre by the intriguing title 'West of the Pecos.' Instead of the customary hodge-podge of helter-skelter, hell-for-leather hokum, I witnessed a really different and diverting Western. Richard Dix, ably assisted by Martha Sleeper, adds another to his lengthening list of sterling performances. The amazing Mr. Dix is probably the most versatile of our male screen stars, changing from Chesterfield to cowhand with chameleon-like celerity and ease."

Do you remember him as the football player and "A bottle of milk for Mrs. Clancy?"

"I SPONSORED a contest at school which involved the stars of the Screen," writes Jane Guider of E. Boulevard, Charlotte, N. C. "Here are the results:

Most Glamorous Actress.....Greta Garbo
Best Looking Actor.....Clark Gable
Cutest Actress.....Ginger Rogers
Cutest Actor.....Tom Brown
Best Actress.....Norma Shearer
Best Actor.....Fredric March
Best Dressed Actress.....Joan Crawford
Most Popular Actress.....Shirley Temple
Most Popular Actor.....Bing Crosby
Most Comical Actress.....Patsy Kelly
Most Comical Actor.....Will Rogers
Best Team .....Joan Crawford and Clark Gable
Most Sophisticated Actress.....Myrna Loy
Most Dignified Actor.....George Arliss

AND Miss Ruth Beinke of Gladstone Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "If I should be walking down Hollywood Boulevard I would like to meet the following stars:

Irene Dunne—because she is my favorite actress
Ginger Rogers—because she is so beautiful
Fredric March—because he is a great actor
Myrna Loy—because she has such beautiful eyes
Elizabeth Allan—because she has such a sweet face
Baby Le Roy—because he is so cute
Loretta Young—because she is so beautiful and natural
Bing Crosby—because his singing and acting thrill me

Note: Four stars made both lists.

"HERE'S HOPING I see more pictures of my favorites, Phillips Holmes and Carl Brisson," writes Millie McGittigan of New Orleans, La. "And lots of good luck to SILVER SCREEN magazine, that popular magazine of the South."

Thanks! We Huey to the line and let the chips fall where they may.

"LILLIE BELLE BAKER of Crockett, Tex., writes: "Why can't we have good music and do away with one hundred girl choruses that are only gym classes set to music? They are monotonous and tiresome. I haven't seen 'College Rhythm' and I don't intend to after seeing the trailer. I can have the same music on the radio without the head-splitting 'rah-rah.' "

Something went wrong with that *advertising.*

"WHEN I hear that a Southern picture is in the city, I make a dash for the box office. Because I don't possess the price of a ticket home, I attend the movie hoping to gain some satisfaction and pleasure. Without fail, after hearing Marion Davies' guttural tones and Bette Davis' overdrawn dialect I am furious. Even Louise Beavers is permitted to use expressions a Southern negro will not think of using. The states —Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia—represent the Old South, and those states still have beautiful blondes with honest-to-goodness drawls," writes Virginia Eggers of 12th St., Santa Monica, Calif.

"Away to Dixie."

MARY ELIZABETH BOARDMAN of Dale St., Roxbury, Mass., writes:

You ladies can have your Clark Gable—
(I'll even leave Marshall alone)—
You can keep your Howard and Powell,
But please, oh please, give me Tone!
I shan't ever rave about Baxter,
For Crosby I won't even groan—
I don't want Muni nor Talbot,
But please, oh please, give me Tone!"

Franchot's up well.

S. LORRAINE BARRY of N. Sixth St., Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I've always, for some unknown reason, favored the tall, dark, and handsome men, such as the mighty Clark Gable, until one day I fell for a perfectly handsome young man the very image of Gene Raymond. Since then Gene has been my favorite actor. So will you please have Gene Raymond's pictures come to Harrisburg more often, as he brings lovely memories to me. I'll be waiting."

Wait till the young man sees this! Umm-m!

Picture Titles That Have Been Changed

"After Office Hours" (Constance Bennett) formerly . . . . "Copy Cats"
"Rocky Mountain Mystery" (Randolph Scott) formerly . . . . "The Vanishing Pioneer"
"The Great Hotel Murder" (Edmund Lowe) formerly "Recipe for Murder"
"How Am I Doin'?" (Mae West) formerly . . . . . "Now I'm a Lady"
"Night Drama" (Richard Barthelmess) formerly . . . . "Small Miracle"
"The Devil Is a Woman" (Marlene Dietrich) formerly "Caprice Espagnol"
"Love in Bloom" (Joe Morrison) formerly . . . . . "Win or Lose"
and
Donna Maria Margarita Guadalupe Bastado Castilla changed her name to . . . . . Margo

"B.O." GONE—
Cupid breaks up "Bachelor Hall"

LIFEBUOY is a gloriously refreshing bath soap. But don't think of it *only* as a bath soap. It's marvelous for the complexion, too. Its searching, pore-purifying lather is super-mild—cleanses deeply, yet gently—makes dull skins glow with health.

"B. O." now? Yes!

Even on coldest days, pores give off a *quart* of odorous waste. Play safe with "B. O." (*body odor*)—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. See how much lather you get even in hardest water. Note its *clean* scent that vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Smooth Hands light the flame of LOVE!

1 Accident

2 Discovery

3 Capture

4 Rapture!

Are your hands a thrill? They should be! It's not the chapped rough little hands of this world that men want to hold!

So many girls say that Hinds Honey and Almond Cream *does more* for their hands. This is why: Hinds is richer. It is a luscious *cream in liquid form*. Hinds is penetrating—as you smooth it in, it *soaks the skin* with soothing healing balms. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream works deeply—that's why dry, rough or chapped hands quickly become smooth!

Every time your hands feel dry and drawn, rub in a little Hinds. It supplies the skin with beautifying oils to replace skin-oils stolen by soap suds, March winds, housework. And always Hinds at night—to keep your hands thrillingly smooth. Economical! Big 25¢ and 50¢ sizes in drug stores, 10¢ size at dime store.

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1935

Hinds

Honey and Almond Cream

Topics for GOSSIPS

Gertrude Michael studies "The uncertain glory of an April Day!"

OF COURSE one of the first things to do when you become a movie star is to buy or rent a home high up in the Hollywood hills, and make it as difficult as possible for your prospective guests to find you. Fred Keating recently gave a party at his home, which he calls the "Casa Escrow," and some of the guests, completely baffled, wandered around in the hills for hours trying to find the place. The day after the party he received two very amusing wires from people who failed to show up. One read: "Will you kindly send out one St. Bernard and two kegs of brandy stop We are still lost in the Hollywood hills" (signed) The Gleasons. The other one read: "Is it your idea of a joke to ask innocent people to your house and then run out of canaries and make the house disappear" (signed) Dorothy and Boris Karloff.

JOAN BENNETT works every bit as hard in her home as at the studio. Joan's present homework consists of designing and decorating a new working den for husband Gene Markey, where he may wrap himself in the silence that invokes the special muses of author-scenarists. Joan is frantic to have it finished before Gene's birthday, which is fast approaching, as it's going to be her present to him this year.

DOLORES DEL RIO'S prize bull dog, Michael, sleeps on a miniature bed, designed exactly like her own.

HOLLYWOOD has gone completely clip conscious. Carole Lombard has a different place for them with every new costume. With a tailored blouse she wears them instead of cuff links, and very chic, too.

NOW that Marlene Dietrich and her director, Von Sternberg, have a "mad" on, Von escorts little Maria to concerts these nights. The other night at the Ballet Russe Von and little Maria were in one row, and almost directly back of them were Marlene and Fritz Lang.

THE real name of Margo, the Spanish dancer who's headed for the top in double quick time, is really something. What imaginations those Spaniards have. Well, if you ever want to be distressingly formal with Margo just call her Donna Margarita Guadalupe Bastado Castilla.

NOT satisfied with owning one of the most unique country places hereabouts Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton are now resolved that the real charm of the place lies in its taking on an aged appearance. Unable, however, to wait for the years to do their stuff, Ann and Leslie are spending their days evolving new ways and means to make the place look ancient. To date they have splotched the brick walls with white paint, transported green moss from its natural habitat, and contrived every manner of means to grow natural rust on the metal work.

ALL of Gary Cooper's admiring fans couldn't imagine what had happened to their Dream Prince when he arrived at the premiere of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and suddenly stopped short and stared. Gary was most surprised to find the tall doorman at the theatre wearing one of his own uniforms from the picture.

CONSTANCE COLLIER, the famous British actress who has just scored a big personal success in Metro's "Shadow of Doubt," possesses a little Pekingese dog, Elizabeth Brown by name, one of the most famous animal personalities abroad. The antiquated Peke, long a tradition at the brilliant theatrical and literary gatherings at Miss Collier's home in London, has been stumbled over, petted, and had tea spilled on him by luminaries that include Noel Coward, Sir Herbert Tree, Pinero, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Leslie Howard and virtually the entire gamut of Old World aristocracy.

ONE of Hollywood's best pal trios is Joel McCrea, George O'Brien and Rex Bell. The three were buddies at Hollywood High School, and regular stag get-togethers are held monthly. Little did the boys suspect in those old high school days that they'd all three marry movie stars, but they did. Joel married Frances Dee, George married Marguerite Churchill, and Rex Bell, as all the world knows, married the flamboyant Clara Bow, and became a daddy last December. But not even the wives are allowed the rare treat of listening in on the "remember when days."

GLENDA FARRELL'S little cross-eyed Siamese kitten, "Frankie," has been bumping around into so much furniture that Glenda has imposed upon the goodness of her friend, Alan Hale, (he's an an inventor off screen, as you know), and

[*Continued on page* 60]

TRIPPING TO NEW YORK

Banton, the marvelous designer, is fortunate indeed to have Carole Lombard to wear his creations.

The Actual Blow By Blow Description Of A Trip To New York By Airway And Anyway.

By Elizabeth Wilson

I HAVE seen Carole Lombard in practically all of life's little phases, including a recent Mayfair Ball, where she arrived looking so devastatingly beautiful in one of her newest Travis Benton triumphs in evening gowns that six Metro blondes snubbed her cold, two Bennetts ogled, and ten directors' wives wished they hadn't come.

But it wasn't until I saw her, quite by premeditation, eleven thousand feet up in the air, with little snow-tipped Sierras peeking in the windows ("You're the Tops, You're Cornflakes"), that I decided that Mrs. Peters little daughter Jane was the Best One. When I made my decision the rest of the passengers of the Air Chief were a bit pale around the gills but Miss Lombard, the exotic, was tearing away at a leg of fried chicken in the Henry the Eighth manner, and a little wad of cold gravy was reposing on the lobe of her left ear.

At that moment I found myself admiring her tremendously. I always say there's nothing like travel to bring out a person's true character. In my globe-trotting experiences, mostly on the shuttle train between Times Square and Grand Central, I have seen many a metamorphosis (gentlemen, I give you metamorphosis), many a caterpillar changed into a butterfly, and alas, many a butterfly changed into a worm. But Carole Lombard didn't metamorphose. On the contrary, although things happened on that trip that could have easily provoked the patience of a saint, Carole never once grouched, never once changed from her usual gay, what-fun, to-the-devil-with-it, self. (Gentlemen, for an ideal traveling companion, I give you Carole Lombard.)

Personally, I'm scared to death of planes. I'm just an old land lubber, as Jack Donahue used to say, and when I hit an air pocket I never lubbed land more. But, one day, when Carole dashed into her dressing room on the Paramount lot, where I can always be found playing Hearts with Fieldsy during the important crises of the industry, and said excitedly, "Let's fly to New York Monday—it takes only fourteen hours," it seemed like a good idea, though I, the conservative type, had planned to leave by covered wagon.

But New York in fourteen hours! Believe you me, that's something. You leave the Glendale airport in a Douglas TWA plane at four o'clock of an afternoon and the next morning you're in New York in plenty of time to change your clothes and keep a luncheon date with

With CAROLE LOMBARD

the boy friend. Ella, that's traveling. New York in fourteen hours! That's saving four days on the train. My, my, I never thought I would live to make New York in fourteen hours. And, dear reader, so far I haven't.

It's all terribly exciting flying with a movie star. In the first place, it sort of gets nosed about that a movie star is taking the Air Chief and, suddenly, thousands of fans appear at the airport, and then there are the photographers, and the studio people, and friends who keep telling you about the last airliner that cracked in the Rockies, and orchids that look mighty pert at the airport but are pretty well shot by Kansas City. Well, I was just about to burst with excitement when an attendant shouted, "All aboard," and we clamored into the plane while everyone screamed, "Happy tailspins" and "Wire me from New York in the morning." The big motors started whirring, up came the steps, down came the flag, and we were off. If there's anything more exciting than that moment of take-off I don't know what it can be.

Fieldsy, Carole's secretary and companion, had never been up in a plane before, but just to prove to us that she wasn't a bit nervous about it she dragged out a crossword puzzle book and went to work on a couple of horizontals. Carole settled down with a raft of Western Union blanks and began to compose jolly little wires which started off, "Arrived in New York safely, etc., etc.," and I spent an hour trying to decide if I should do anything about that funny little feeling in the bottom of my stomach. (I'm the bottom, you're the tops.)

"It's bumpy," Co-pilot Jones announced pleasantly (you're telling me, I snarled with a double-dog-dare-you [*Continued on p.* 71]

Away to New York. Carole and the author climb aboard the TWA liner in Hollywood knowing that in thirteen hours they will be in New York City!

"These Things Have Counted"

Joan Crawford Recalls The Poignant Moments Of Her Life.

By Walter Ramsey

"I shall never forget," said beautiful Joan Crawford, "the night dear Paul Bern took me back stage to see that famous woman, Pauline Frederick."

At left: Joan when she arrived in Hollywood. Above: As leading woman for Col. Tim McCoy in "Winners of the Wilderness." At right: Joan, when she danced to fame in the Charleston days.

"AT THE Ambassador at noon, then. . . ."

I was there at eleven-thirty. A long friendship with Joan Crawford has proved to me, among other things, that when she says *noon,* she means twelve o'clock and *not* one-thirty.

At two o'clock, we sat down to luncheon!

This, because Joan had been standing at the far end of the lobby for a solid two hours autographing post cards, old letters, hotel stationery, programs—anything and everything that five-hundred young girls, all attending a junior sorority convention at the hotel that day, could beg or borrow for her famous signature!

"Oh, my arm!" sighed Joan as we finally made our way through the mob to the *Louis XVI* dining room, "I think it's broken. How many did I sign, anyway . . . I almost gave up after the first hundred, but they were so sweet. I hated to disappoint the smaller ones who couldn't crowd their way to the front. I wonder how many there were?"

Just about half a thousand . . . but Joan had signed almost twice that many times . . . some had come back with: ". . . and this one for my sister . . ." Everything from diaries to table linen!

From my vantage point, as an innocent bystander, I had watched the stunning Crawford become the center of a milling, fighting crowd of young girls . . . being pushed and shoved . . . stepped on and yelled at . . . and it suddenly occurred to me that Joan works almost as hard *off* the set as she does on! She could hardly have put in a more strenuous two hours in the studio. This was *work* . . . and for what? For the privilege of getting her smart, green sports hat knocked askew . . . her sable coat practically torn from her shoulders . . . an arm ache . . . a headache . . . and two hours delay in a busy day's schedule. I noticed, when I held the light for her much-needed cigarette, that her right hand was shaking from nervous fatigue.

Perhaps the reason Joan is so tremendously popular is that she loves life and treasures each vivid experience.

Her hat wasn't quite straight, yet. The scarf around her neck looked as though it would never return to its original elegance.

Anyone else but Joan would have looked a bit frayed. But Joan never looks frayed. One has the feeling that she would be smart if her coat were hanging in shreds. But the whole thing puzzled me. I wanted to know:

"Can it really be worth it?"

Joan didn't answer for a moment. When she did speak, it was thoughtfully—as though she were turning the idea over in her mind. She said, slowly: "Yes, I'm sure it's worth it and more. I think if there was one little child in that entire, milling mob who has illusions about me, who likes me on the screen . . . even *one* to whom I might be something more than 'just another movie star' . . . it was worth it. I think illusions in people count terribly when you are young—when your whole world is wrapped up in personalities. I shall never forget how much it mattered to *me* when I met the actress, for the first time, who was the idol of my own private little world. That meeting was one of the things that have really counted in my life . . . one of those all-important things that trim our memory like bright beads. . . ."

These things have counted . . .

The words seem hauntingly-familiar; suddenly I remembered a young poet . . . a poet who lost his life in the war . . . his name was Rupert Brooke. He had so beautifully remembered the things that had counted during life, in his lovely verses . . . how did they go . . . maybe something like:

These have I loved . . . white plates and cups clean-gleaming . . . ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust . . . the cool kindness of sheets, that soon smooth away trouble. . . .

And now Joan was talking of the things that have really counted in her own, vivid life. I waited for her to continue.

"Illusions about people and things have always counted terribly with me," she said in a sincere tone of voice. "Perhaps too much. I've permitted them to hurt me when they came crashing down about my head. But, by the same token, they've been doubly glorious when someone exceeded the dreams I held for them. In one particular case, it was a famous woman, Pauline Frederick . . . the single, shining light that meant more to me than all my other little idols rolled into one.

"I can never forget the night dear Paul Bern took me back stage when she was playing a local engagement. I had just come out to California and pictures; and believe me when I say that my career was moving very, very slowly. I was blue and discouraged. I had done nothing but small bits and extra work on the precious contract that had seemed so wonderful when I had signed it in New York. I was too ambitious to be patient; I wanted the moon and the stars right away . . . I couldn't wait for them. It seemed that ambition would burst right through my heart . . . and nothing seemed to happen to advance me. I remember I cried as I watched [*Continued on page* 70]

At left: The famous bride and groom. Above: Her great scene with Gene Raymond in "Sadie McKee," and, at right, her latest picture "Forsaking All Others," with Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable.

Ed Sullivan Says: "HOLLYWOOD

The Famous Columnist De

Robert Montgomery and Helen Hayes in "Vanessa, Her Love Story." They were both trained where the white lights beam.

For years Fred Astaire danced for his dinner on Broadway.

Mae West learned that walk when she trod the boards of the legit.

Franchot Tone: An actor who graduated from the big time.

The stage play, "The Warrior's Husband," introduced Katharine Hepburn to fame.

Some Of The Stars Who Belong On Broadway.

I'M thinking of the old Dover Club, the stuffy, ill-ventilated night club that was perched precariously above a dilapidated garage in the Furious Fifties of New York, some years ago. There it was, at all hours of the night and dawn, that Jimmy Durante would parade onto a tiny floor with Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson and sing good-humored songs for the amusement of the guerillas and the cloak-and-suiters who were able to pay for the synthetic champagne we drank in the days of Prohibition. Some time during the morning hours, when the gray shafts of dawn would struggle in through the dirty windows in the place, Durante would sing hoarsely: "I kin do without Broadway, but kin Broadway do without me?"

The guerillas and the cloak-and-suiters, sitting in a drunken daze at the ringside, their resistance having been beaten down by the inroads of the strange distillation that was peddled as champagne, would laugh and scream at this odd song. As New Yorkers, they got the humor of the refrain, because to a New Yorker, it is inconceivable that any Broadwayite could get along without Broadway. The comic impertinence of the long-nosed Durante saying that "I kin do without Broadway, but kin Broadway do without me?" was a sure laugh-getter.

In New York, Durante's song was accepted as grand comedy and he sang it for comedy values. And when Jimmy, in the course of years and through the keen business instinct of Clayton, aided and abetted by the behind-the-scenes advice of Sime Silverman, reached Hollywood, no song in the repertoire of this Cyrano of Slapstick so impressed the picture colony as that one: "I kin do without Broadway." It put into words what the Coast actually thought. Hollywood for some years has tried to convince itself that the picture colony can do without Broadway, but that Broadway can't do without Hollywood.

As a Broadway columnist, I pick up the cudgels and wade into the controversy on behalf of my street. I say emphatically and heatedly that without Broadway, you could wrap up Hollywood and auction it off in Grauman's Chinese theatre.

I'll open with a body blow at the Coast picture colony, hitting them below the cash register. Every major company has come, hat in hand, to New York bankers for money. Chase National bank dropped over $100,000,000 in bankrolling Fox Films. When Paramount had to thaw open frozen real estate values, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. supplied the acetylyne torch of ready cash. Universal turned to Dillon, Read & Co. for dough. Warner's, floating bond issues, enlisted the aid of Gold-

Flop Without Broadway"

Big Game Trail of Manhattan.

Norma Shearer is a real product of Hollywood.

Richard Barthelmess, a star of the silent days.

man, Sachs and then turned to Hayden, Stone. M-G-M floated a $24,000,000 stock issue through Dillon, Read & Co. R-K-O has been financed through RCA and General Electric.

The argument could end there, on a practical note, but I prefer to rub salt into open wounds. Hollywood would be a bust without New York financing, and it would be a greater bust if New York withdrew its artistic backing, because if it were not for the grand performers trained on Broadway stages, there would be no talking pictures worthy of an audience.

When the "silent" pictures gave way to the talking pictures Hollywood acknowledged its artistic bankruptcy. Up to that time, Hollywood's speech was adequate—at least the heroes and heroines could go into the Brown Derby confident in the knowledge that they could speak well enough to order a hot roast beef sandwich. Some of the more literate Hollywood stars of the silent days could even pronounce *hor d'oeuvres,* but they were in the minority. When the industry was wired for sound, the first sound that it gave off was a frantic S.O.S. to Broadway. The day had passed when the test of a hero was a smirk at thirty paces from the camera. The day had passed when a heroine's chief necessity was a crop of lovely curls and virtue. Hollywood needed actors, and when they needed 'em, they turned desperately to Broadway.

However, the peculiar vanity upon which Hollywood, Land of Hokum, feeds, reacted curiously to this situation. Instead of coming right out in meeting and admitting that Broadway had saved the day and rescued the goose that lays the golden egg, the Coast has consistently refused to make such an admission.

Two of the most famous stars, Jean Harlow and Bill Powell. Both are Hollywood successes.

Joan Crawford played in the theatre, but that was years ago.

Dick Powell, a hit—but not from Broadway.

It is this refusal that burns up Broadwayites. Every Broadwayite who goes to the Coast goes with a chip on his shoulder.

It is fortunate that this is the case, because a Broadwayite is not welcome in Hollywood. He or she, arriving in the kingdom of retakes, finds an entrenched snobbery repulsing civil advances. Don't think that I exaggerate this atmosphere of jealousy. When Mae West, from Broadway, started rolling up record grosses throughout the world, the Hollywood cliques absolutely refused to attend the premiere of her pictures. It was a feeble way of thumbing their noses at New York, and it made them look ridiculous, but their gesture was made in deadly seriousness.

As the Coast views it, the flood of great talent from Broadway stages has brought about an economic condition that is a definite threat. As the Broadway products on sheer merit continue to force out the Hollywood performers, more and more of the Hollywood colony are forced into the extra lines, and the Coast crowd, watching this thing happen day after day, says to itself: "There but for the grace of God, go I." You can understand the savagery of their snub to Mae West.

Katharine Hepburn, Helen Hayes, Ann Harding, Margaret Sullavan and Claudette Colbert are five typical graduates of [*Cont. on page* 68]

Garbo, an honor to Hollywood.

Some Of The Stars That Hollywood Trained.

John Beal Is The Newest "Demanded-By-Everyone" Leading Man.

BEAL

By
Jerry Asher

As soon as he knew he was a success, he married.

John Beal and Katharine Hepburn in "The Little Minister."

Gloria Stuart and John Beal in "Laddie."

IMAGINE if you can, a guy by the name of J. Alexander Bleidung making passionate love to Katharine Hepburn! But John Beal, who is one and the same person, is all that the casting director ordered. You recently saw him in "The Little Minister." And you can be prepared to see him again and again. To resort to that muchly used and abused expression, he's Hollywood's newest sensation. Direct from the New York stage, he's already in that enviable position of having studios fight for him.

John is a combination of Buddy Rogers, John Gilbert and Harpo Marx. Occasionally there is a dash of Mickey Rooney. He has the charm of a poet, the ego of a communist, the naivete of a child—and he's Irish. He's one of the sanest madmen ever to hit Hollywood. In groups of people, he's shy and expresses an innate desire to please. When he's alone with a few close friends he's delightfully entertaining and shockingly frank, and when he's in the depths of despair, resorts to puns.

He is now paying his second visit to Hollywood. The first time he came out to create his original rôle in the Helen Hayes' picture, "Another Language." I call it a visit because he is stubbornly sticking to the belief that Hollywood is never going to hold him. His first love is the stage and he wants to return to it. He's planned to commute between the stage and the screen. And when he makes up his mind to a thing, he sticks with a tenacity that would make a ship's barnacle look like an old tired jelly fish.

Hollywood had it's first *Beal* shock, when a big executive sent for John, after the preview of "Another Language," and asked him to sign on the dotted line. Kindly but firmly, John said, "No. I'm very sorry," he explained, "But I don't feel I'm ready yet for a contract. I promised myself that I would return to the stage and get more experience. I appreciate your offer but I have other plans."

Now big executives are not in the habit of having their lucrative offers turned down. And this one was no exception. He stormed and shook his finger in John's face. Then he offered more money. John stood his ground. He flashed his best smile of appreciation, and in firm tones still said—"No." The next day Samuel Goldwyn sent for him to play opposite Anna Sten in "Nana." John thanked Mr. Goldwyn and gave him his reasons for refusing. For once the producer was at a loss for one of his famous answers.

Back to New York John went and opened in the play "She Loves Me Not." Then back to Hollywood he came with a contract that allowed him six months for the stage, six months for the screen. His rôle in "A Hat, A Coat, A Glove," was hardly finished when Hepburn walked up to him one day in the studio commissary.

"Hello," she said, "So you are being tested for 'The Little Minister.' You seem rather young to me, but maybe you will do." With that she walked away and John practically collapsed in his chair. The following day he made the t st. A week later he started in the picture.

With his two-way contract, the lead with Hepburn and life opening up for him at every turn, John should have been divinely happy. But there was one fly in the Beal ointment. He was in love. Oh, very much in love—passionately, idealistically, desperately! He had been in that precarious condition for months. It was unbearable.

Helen Craig, a South American beauty had met John in a summer stock company. As Mr. Winchell would say, they were *that way* from the start. Being in love was wonderful. But John wasn't selfish enough to ask Helen to give up her career and come out to Hollywood. He had great faith in her work and insisted that she allow nothing to stand in the way of it. Helen would have done it gladly. But being a wise young lady, she decided to let nature and fate take their course.

The distance between Hollywood and New York lent the proper enchantment. John spent a young fortune on telegrams and phone calls. They wanted each other so badly, yet neither would say the word for fear of appearing selfish. Young love is like that. Then one morning, John got up, drove out to Glendale and took the next plane to New York. The next week they were married.

Back to Hollywood came John and his bride. Suddenly they had realized that life was all too short. They meant too much to each other to suffer the separation any longer. The minute they had stepped into each other's arms again, the realization swept over them. Real love is like that.

Their first evening in Hollywood was an eventful one. John, who had enjoyed a friendship with Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, wanted them to meet his bride. Characteristic of Joan, whose own life had been robbed of marital happiness, she invited the newlyweds for dinner. John and Helen sat at the table, bubbling over with happiness. Joan, sometimes looking a little wistful, watched them out of the corner of her eye.

At the end of the dinner, the butler brought in a huge wedding cake. A tiny bride and groom were perched on the top, clinging together in connubial bliss. Sentimental Joan insisted that they carry the cake home and cut it when they were alone.

John is never without his famous sketchbook. Once he went blind from eyestrain

[*Continued on page* 64]

The MAJOR'S DAUGHTER

To Maureen O'Sullivan No Part Is Too Difficult, Whether It Be Tarzan's Mate or Dora Copperfield.

By Ben Maddox

The Dickens' lovers. Maureen as Dora, and Frank Lawton as David Copperfield.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN was dancing with her best boy-friend in Dublin's fanciest hotel when Director Frank Borzage spotted her. Before she realized his intentions she was whisked into the lead of the picture he was directing John McCormick in over there.

On the way to Hollywood all her trunks were lost and she hadn't even an overnight bag. There was a one day stop in New York City, but she was too busy staring at the sights to do any shopping. So she arrived in Hollywood in the same suit she'd originally sailed in. It was rather the worse for the strain.

So what did Maureen do? She merely went to bed. Yes. That's how she spent her first two days in our dazzling city. She drove down the boulevard to a hotel and didn't come out of her room until two days later. She was in a tired mood then.

Let me tell you this. When Maureen goes into one of her moods, well—she's in it body and soul! She's not foolin'. Nor can she help herself when she feels a mood coming on. Oh, at the studio sometimes she has to snap in or out to suit the shooting schedule. But even on those occasions she doesn't literally snap. She has to have time to gather momentum.

Maureen is a creature of moods and they master her unwittingly. She's not at all like Lupe, the human kaleidoscope who makes a business of tearing through the gamut of emotions in five minutes flat. You really have to be acquainted with Maureen for months to acquire an accurate idea of what she's like. Her feelings aren't surface whims.

"To what do you attribute your success?" I put on my sternest manner and popped this at her, professionally serious. She was sitting across from me in the Metro restaurant where more stars than there are in heaven (*sez* M-G-M) were condescending to forget their fond public and take an hour off for reinforcements.

She chuckled and I realized immediately that she was in her merry mood. That funny little dimple away up on her right cheek sprang into view. It isn't there, except when she smiles. She leaned forward and megaphoned a whisper with her hands. "To the fact that I'm not a *blonde!*"

But it's not so simple as that. Luck got her her breaks and she's made the most of 'em. And Maureen has quite completely escaped the behind-the-scene employees who adore to experiment with a newcomer's face, hair, figure, and clothes.

I don't know yet, exactly, how she was able to get away with remaining herself, but she has accomplished that rare feat. Probably her dewy freshness was so unique that they didn't have the heart to give her the regulation polishing.

As Norma Shearer's sister in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Major O'Sullivan of the Connaught Rangers (retired) and Maureen O'Sullivan, who is still in active service.

The result is that she isn't the orthodox movie actress type at all. Her eyes, blue and large an' beguilin', are unmascaraed. There's no artful [*Continued on page* 64]

The GAY NIGHT SPOTS

(A Series of Articles on the Rendezvous of the Picture Colony)

Jean Harlow standing in front of the interesting wall decoration.

Sally Eilers, Harry Joe Brown (her husband), and Hugh Herbert at the Trocadero bar.

The 'Troc" has been the scene of many a battle between Lupe and Johnny.

Robert Montgomery chats with a friend in the bar room.

Fannie Brice and Constance Collier smile upon the photographers.

Number One

"The TROC"

The Famous Restaurant In Hollywood Where Garbo Recently Made A Public Appearance.

By "Liza"

The Trocadero on Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. Here, nightly, the big names of the screen congregate.

HOLLYWOOD can take it. We can even take it neat. We have come through at last with flying colors and a fine headache. We can face the music and the cold grey dawn. *Now* bring on those smug New Yorkers, those effete Easterners, who always used to say, "But, my dear, *what* is there to do here after ten o'clock?" while we hung our heads in shame and admitted that there wasn't anything to do but go beddy-bye. Imagine our embarrassment.

Just as I, a gay gal with magnolias in my hair and gipsy in my heart, had decided that we Hollywoodians were simply a hopeless bunch of sissies, and there was nothing to do about it but join a circulating library and enjoy Life vicariously—along came the Trocadero. And staying up late became a pleasure. There was a new low in beds, in fact the word is fast becoming obsolete in these parts, and already such first families as the Clarence Browns, and the Richard Barthelmesses and the Ricardo Cortezes only vaguely remember the old four-poster. The Trocadero turned out to be the shot in the arm the doctor ordered for pale, anemic Hollywood.

The Trocadero, which was opened last September, is owned and operated by the popular Billy Wilkerson, who also owns the Hollywood Reporter, the daily gossip newspaper of the picture business, and the Vendome, and it took a lot of nerve for him to start it, as all the old sourpusses said, "night life doesn't pay." As a matter of fact it never had—before. But just you drop in some night between the hours of eleven and four, and after you've stumbled over Mary Pickford, Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper and Norma Shearer and all the society crowd from Pasadena, Montecito and Santa Barbara, I am sure you won't have to worry over the poor Wilkersons losing their shirt. Their idea was to make it "smart." They did.

Men who hadn't worn tails since Delmonico's was in flower suddenly got themselves fitted up with the latest gadgets, and the dear ladies of Hollywood, who have always had such a time of it trying to see and be seen, simply went mad on a spree of lamé and ermine. It isn't necessary to "dress" at the Trocadero, but, strange to say, eighty percent of the people do. And if you know Hollywood you'll understand

why I say "strange to say" with such awe and surprise in my voice, for, if ever there was a town wedded to slacks and sweatshirts, this town is it. Why, most of the people thought *chic* was the forgotten man.

The Troc, as we of the lower strata familiarly call it, is situated on Sunset Boulevard right in the midst of the interior decorating shoppees. To the right, going towards town, is Adrian's very, very white shop, and to the left is a coy little building which houses the knick-knacks and objets d' art of Mr. William Haines, while across the street is a lovely antique shop sponsored by Mrs. Bob Montgomery.

In the old prohibtion days La Boheme, speakeasy de muggs, reared its ugly head (and served the worst scotch in town) on the spot where now stands the very trim red and white Trocadero with its gay little sidewalk cafe *a la Paris*. When Billy chose the location Bud Ralston, Joby Ralston Arlen's brother, ran up the new building which is quite an architectural feat, and

Next Month This Series Will Be Continued With An Article On "The Clover Club" And "The Cocoanut Grove."

cars which bring out the *méchant* in you, you know, the méchant in uniform. (Ouch, I won't do it again!)

There's a private diningroom where you can cavort without Pasadena snooping on you, and a wine cellar that has no equal west of the Mississippi. The Troc also has Gene, late of the Central Park Casino, who is *le dernier cri* in head waitering, and also a culinary genius in the shape of Chef Domonick Rolleri from the old Hotel Knickerbocker in New York. There have never been any complaints.

A cheery place, what more can you ask of life?—besides a million dollars and a Park Avenue penthouse. Celebrities? But yes, definitely, a mess of Celebrities, all over the place. Every night is a Chinese opening night. Every night is an Occasion. The Troc opens its doors every afternoon about four-thirty for the cocktail hour, and closes them the next morning as the sun also rises, and between those hours practically every movie star of any importance comes and goes.

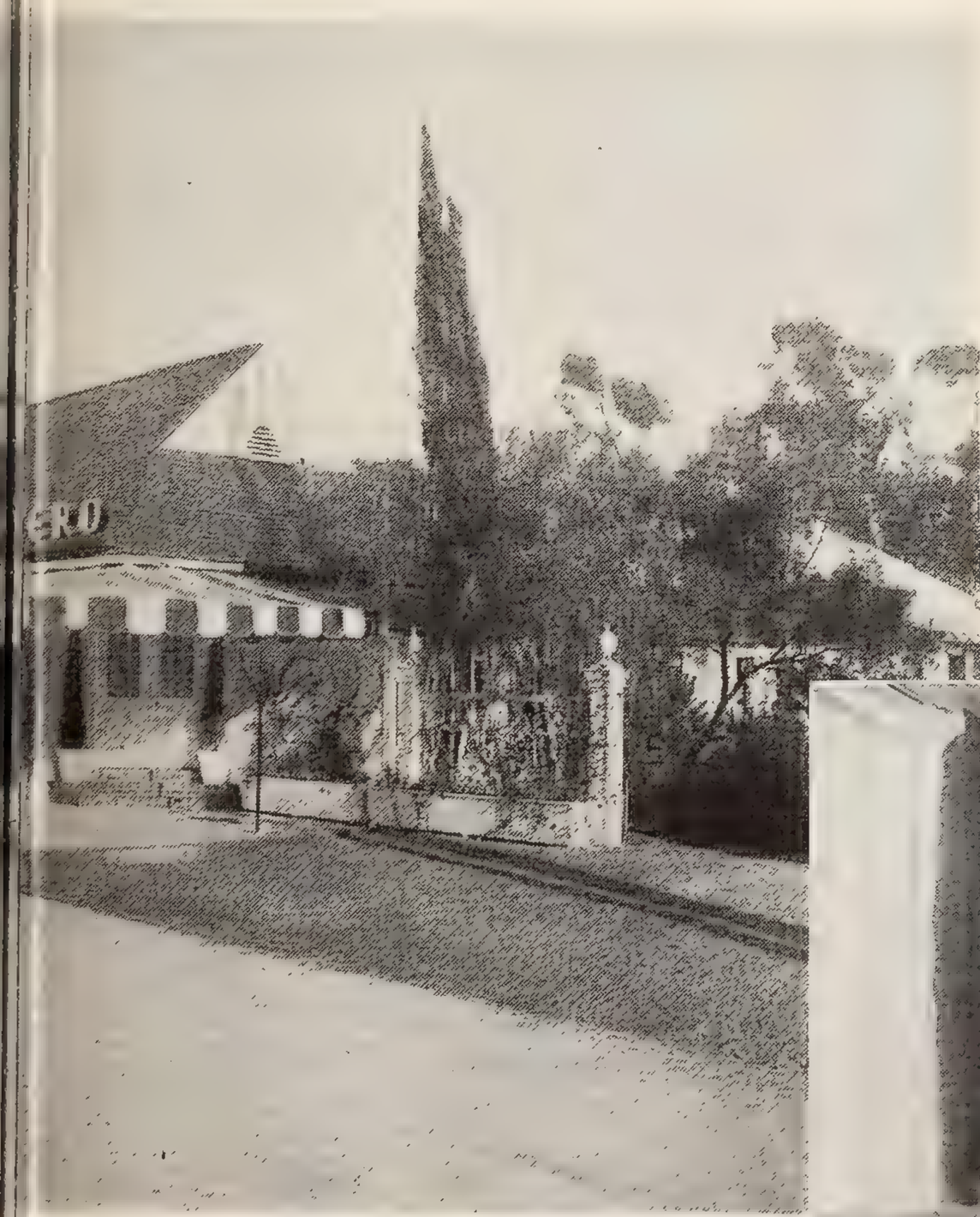
Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers made their wedding plans there in a corner of the dining room while Phil Ohman played "The Object of my Affections." Nine nights straight, before they took that plane for Yuma, Margaret Sullavan and William Wyler dropped by the Trocadero and held hands under the table. Katharine Hepburn, who rarely steps out in Hollywood, is often seen there with her agent boy friend, Leland Hayward, whom she'll probably marry any minute. The seventeenth reconcilation between Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller occurred just the other night at the Troc, which of course was followed almost immediately by the eighteenth bust-up.

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are often there pretending to be utterly oblivious to all that speculating, "Are they married, or aren't they?" Adolph Menjou and Veree Teasdale, Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall, Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Jean Harlow and William Powell, Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, Nancy Carroll and Howard Hughes, and Mary Pickford, and Constance Collier, and Kay Francis, and Peggy Fears, and Charlie Bickford, and James Dunn, and Gene Raymond, and nuts to this enumerating, are there several nights a week.

Naturally, divorced or separated Hollywood is constantly running into each other there, but so far there has never been a "scene"—worse luck. One evening last week I was sitting near a table where dined Joan Marsh and the Marquis de la Falaise (Hank is fully recovered now and looks swell) and who should enter but Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland. Connie and Gilbert joined Hank and Joan for a cocktail before returning to their own party, and whatever Connie said to Hank I missed completely as she whispered in French and French is a language I understand only when it is shouted. Gloria Swanson was there, too, with Herbert Marshall, but I noticed that she and the Marquis didn't even bother to look in each other's direction—however, just to prove that she wasn't a snob, when Wally Beery dropped in for a night-cap she beckoned to him and he sat talking to her and Bart for about an hour. (Beery was public husband number one in the Swanson design for living.) Marian Nixon and Bill Seiter never fail to stop by Eddie Hillman's table—where sits Kitti Gallian these nights—for a bit of gay repartee.

It was at the Trocadero that Carole

[*Continued on page* 59]



Harold Grieve, interior decorator de luxe and husband of Jetta Goudal of the silent cinema, gave of his art—and *vôilá*—one of the most beautiful, and certainly the gayest night club I have ever seen on this continent, or any other continent you care to bring up, including the Scandinavian. The walls of the lounge are covered with enlarged photographs of Paris which are quite exciting (No, Elmer, no feelthy peectures.) A door to the right leads to the dining room and there, praises be, is a dance floor not the size of a dime, but quite spacious enough to dance with a man given to swirling.

On a dais is Phil Ohman, pianist sensationale, and his orchestra, which every now and then gets supplanted by Bolero and his Cuban Rumba Band—and then, my children, Hollywood puts its mind (and eyes) on a snappy bit of hip shaking.

Downstairs is the bar, and it's a honey, with the smackiest hors d'œuvres and side

Large photographs of the city of Paris make unique wall decorations for the lounge of the Trocadero.

"What, No Cinderella?"

"No Woman Is Ever Satisfied. So You See," Says Connie Bennett, "We Are All Alike."

By Eleanor Packer

CONSTANCE BENNETT was born, not with the proverbial silver spoon in her small, pink mouth, but with a more precious gold one, the spoon of a cultured background, of family traditions, of a protected present and future.

There is no trace of the old, familiar success story in Connie's career, no touch of the "rags to riches" theme in her hectic, colorful, amazing life. She did not force her painful way from a Canadian boarding house to the title of "America's Sweetheart," as did Mary Pickford. She didn't follow Joan Crawford's long and heartbreaking path from a musical comedy chorus to stardom. Neither did she bridge the bitter years between obscurity and fame by playing extra rôles and posing for commercial photographers, as Norma Shearer did.

Connie was reared in a brilliant, scintillating world of famous, sophisticated people, friends and companions of her mother and father, Adrienne Morrison and Richard Bennett. She spent her girlhood in exclusive schools in this country and Europe. She has never known poverty or felt the biting cruelty of the world.

Yet she can portray, with a deep understanding, girls and young women whose lives are entirely foreign to her own. She makes them live and breathe graciously and courageously and as realistically as do Norma, or Joan, or Nancy Carroll, or any of the other girls who have lived through the struggles which they are recording in celluloid.

Often, watching Connie on the screen, I have wondered how she felt when she was playing these girls, how she managed to submerge her life in theirs without one tell-tale trace of her own sheltered, luxury-filled past or present.

Once I asked Frances Marion, Hollywood's greatest woman scenario writer, how she could so vividly picture in words the lives and emotions of men and women far removed from her own world—Min and Bill, for example.

"You don't have to live other lives to write about them," Frances told me, "imagination and understanding are more important than actual experience, I believe."

I asked Connie Bennett the same question.

"All girls and women are fundamentally the same," she answered without a minute's hesitation, "our problems are the same, whether we're sheltered daughters and wives or business women, whether we have to scramble for a living or have luxuries served to us on a silver platter.

"Deep in their hearts all women have the same goals. They want to be happy and they want to be the best in whatever field their paths may take. Wives and mothers strive for the most attractive homes and the most charming children in their neighborhoods. Business women struggle for the highest efficiency in their work and for the charm which will carry them onward and upward. Motion picture actresses work to win stardom and then battle to hold it.

"Women know that they can't stand still, that they must always move forward, to keep from sliding backward. That knowledge belongs to all of us, regardless of money or social position or background. Happiness, too, knows no barriers of wealth or environment. The debutante daughter of a millionaire father fights just as grimly, uses the same tactics of charm and personality, to attract the man she loves as does the factory girl who has to earn every new dress which she wears. The woman with a corps of servants, made-to-order gowns and custom built motor cars faces the same problems in holding her husband's love and interest, her children's admiration and devotion, as does the tired, overworked wife in a five-room bungalow with no servants and a restricted budget.

"So it doesn't matter fundamentally what kind of a girl or woman I play." Connie's blue eyes gleamed with an intelligent understanding of all womankind. "I know that her problems are universal. Of course, education and environment, conditions over which she has no control, make a difference in her reactions to these problems. Naturally, this girl," she touched ruby red finger tips to the cloth of silver gown which she was wearing for a scene as the society girl in "After Working Hours," "would not say the same words or do the same things that the buffeted, hardworking servant girl of 'Common Clay' would say or do. But, knowing the problems of one makes it possible to understand those of the other. They are both young, eager girls. They live in different worlds and wear different clothes, that's all."

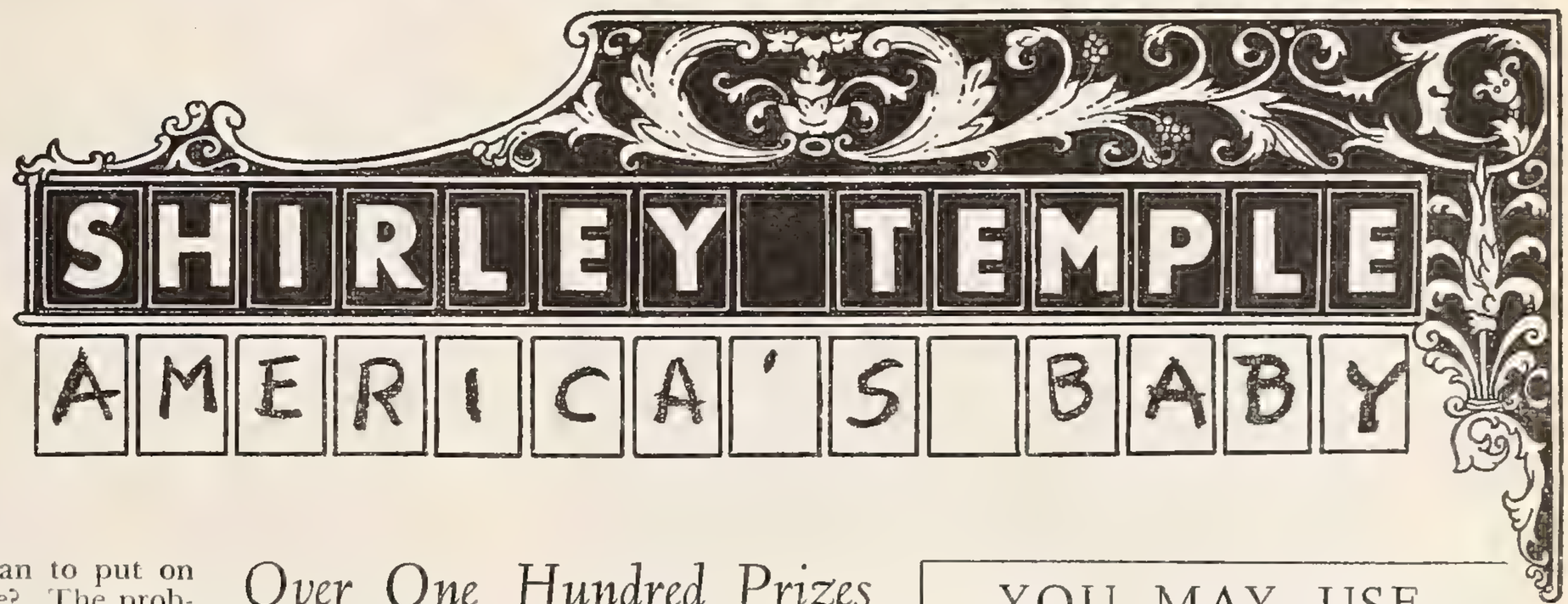
[*Continued on page* 67]

Connie in a little checkered number that she wears in "After Working Hours," her first picture with Clark Gable.

The MARQUEE CONTEST

Get Up a Slogan

Win a Prize



CAN you originate a slogan to put on the marquee of a theatre? The problem is to have it exactly fill the same number of spaces that the name of the star requires. On this page you will find a list of the names of twenty stars. You can use any one of these names, but your slogan has to match whichever one you select. For example, Shirley Temple's name has thirteen letters. There must be a space between the words, therefore the slogan must occupy altogether fourteen spaces. But should you select the name Jeanette MacDonald, your slogan must occupy eighteen spaces.

We are all familiar with the characteristics of the players and their specialties and lives, and slogans should, to some extent, be descriptive. The cleverest slogans which conform to the rules will be awarded prizes. There will be over one hundred prizes awarded for the best slogans.

This contest will appear also in the May and June issues of SILVER SCREEN. Write your slogan on the coupon on this page, but DO NOT send the coupon in until you have filled out the coupons for May and June also. Then send in all three coupons at one time.

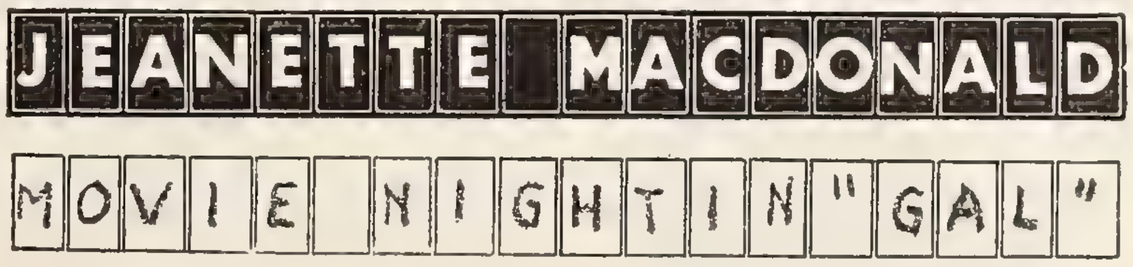
Over One Hundred Prizes Are Offered For The Best Slogans. They Include A Typewriter, Men's Watches, Women's Watches, Men's Fountain Pens, Women's Fountain Pens, Cigarette Lighters And Other Valuable Articles. Full Details Next Month.

YOU MAY USE ANY NAME ON THIS LIST:

- Shirley Temple
- Norma Shearer
- Fred Astaire
- Jeanette MacDonald
- Bette Davis
- Francis Lederer
- Constance Bennett
- Will Rogers
- Johnny Weissmuller
- Leslie Howard
- Gene Raymond
- Warner Oland
- Una Merkel
- Mae West
- Franchot Tone
- Loretta Young
- Chester Morris
- Buck Jones
- Kay Francis
- Sylvia Sidney

Think Up A Slogan For One Of The Twenty Stars Listed On This Page, But Do Not Send It In Until You Have Completed The Set Of Three Coupons.

Read the Conditions.



This sample shows the slogan correctly matched to the star's name.

1. Each slogan must occupy the same number of spaces as the name of the star that it accompanies. The words must be separated by blank spaces and each one of these counts as one space.
2. No slogan will be judged separately. Each contestant must submit three coupons—one from the April issue (below), one from the May issue and one from the June issue.
3. The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest slogans in the opinion of the editor, whose decision will be final.
4. Any reader may send in as many slogans as he desires, but they must be submitted in groups of three, using the coupons from Silver Screen of April, May and June.
5. This contest will close at midnight, June 7, 1935.
6. In the event of ties the prize tied for will be sent to each tying contestant.
7. No correspondence concerning this contest will be entered into.
8. Address your slogans to Slogan Editor, c/o Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

(Coupon)

April, 1935

STAR'S NAME ....
(please print)

SLOGAN ....
(please print)

Submitted by ....

Street ..... City ..... State .....

At a premiere in Hollywood, W. C. Fields poses on the chalk line with the distinguished novelist, Rupert Hughes.

"JUGGLER

TWENTY MILLION film fans can't be wrong and they've acclaimed W. C. Fields funny, *very* funny!

He's convulsed them with his hilarious characterizations in "You're Telling Me," "The Old-Fashioned Way," "It's a Gift," and others, and he'll do it again soon in "Mississippi," while his *Micawber,* in "David Copperfield," stands out as the gem of comedy portraiture that crowns him King of Laughter.

Hearing it from his own lips, however, the road that led to his capturing of this laugh-kingdom, wasn't so funny.

Sprawling across the big blue davenport in his dressing-room at the Paramount studio, he startled me by saying in his quiet way, *"A comedian is best when he's hungry!"*

"Paradoxically," he continued, "to understand humor, to know what laughs are made of, one must suffer. Every laugh is built on heartaches, sometimes tears. Funny, isn't it? But it is true.

"I don't know whether I'd start out again to be a comedian or not. As it was I more or less drifted into it. I happened to have a yen for jokes and, also, I was always juggling tin cans, marbles or pebbles, and the neighborhood gang laughed at everything I did or said. The truth is, I was probably the unfunniest kid anywhere around but, naturally, their appreciation of my antics tickled me, and, when at nine, I ran away from home to build my own life, I quickly found that if I could make people laugh I could get more out of them.

"Lord, those were hard years. I slept in parks and was always hungry. When I could stand it no longer I'd swipe fruit or vegetables from the street stands. So, you see, I never over-ate, never had a chance at sweets or rich foods. I was fifteen when I had my first real meal; steak and fried potatoes. And I still get a thrill out of steak and fried potatoes!

"The first thing I remember figuring out for myself was that I wanted to be a definite personality. I had heard a man say he liked a certain fellow because he always was the same damn dirty so and so. You know, like *Larsen,* in Jack London's 'Sea Wolf.' He was detestable, yet you admired him because he remained true to type.

"Well, I thought that a swell idea so I developed a philsophy of my own, *be your type!* I determined that whatever I was, I'd *be* that, I wouldn't teeter on the fence."

Bill must have been a funny little figure, a bit pathetic, too, only nine, and starting out to win his fortune selling newspapers on the street corners and forever juggling anything he could lay his hands on. Just because his humor bubbled despite the hardships, he always added an amusing flip of the hand, a grotesque swing of the body that sent the crowds hovering around him, shrieking with glee.

So, his career started. With this gift of comedy he couldn't stay down and the first thing he knew he had a job in a beer garden at five dollars a month, with orders to keep the gang laughing.

Now, Bill says juggling is a terrific job. You work twelve to fourteen hours a day, with muscles and nerves taut. You perfect your trick. You try it out again just for luck and it eludes you. It may be hours or even days before you capture it again. It is this mental hazard that tortures a juggler, for, no matter how well he knows the trick, there is always a time when it fails him.

He was hungry so much of the time, and if he wanted to eat he had to keep the crowd laughing, so he began studying comedy, made it his tool and gradually developed comic pantomime to add to the juggling acts.

Turning his blue eyes upon me, he said, "I never go out for a gag. I base my comedy on humanness, so I just watch people. We're all very funny only we don't know it. No one is original, and we all do about the same things, so I take the simplest, every day incidents, exaggerate them and turn them into an act and, people seeing themselves, laugh.

"You go into a grocery and buy some eggs. Coming out of the shop you drop them. Now, if that actually happened to you it wouldn't be funny, but when it happens to someone else, it visualizes the very fear you have so often had and it becomes highly amusing.

W. C. Fields Can Balance A Plug Hat On A Cane Or An Audience On A Gale of Laughter.

OF LAUGHS"

By Maude Cheatham

It takes more than a girl chorus to scare a man who has spent years with the Ziegfeld Follies.

In "Mississippi," Fields plays *Commodore Jackson.* Bing Crosby is co-starred.

"While hanging around pool halls as a kid, I noticed that every player went through the same gyrations. He elaborately chalks his cue, he sights the ball, he wiggles around and sights it again, and he always preens and struts when he makes a shot. So, I enlarged upon this routine and it became one of my bright spots of pantomime, for everyone who ever played pool recognizes himself and laughs heartily.

"The same with my golf act. Every move I make, every hazard I encounter is only too familiar to all golfers, and this incites merriment.

"People laugh at another's embarrassment, at frustrated plans, at timidity, at the underdog. Why? Blest if I know. But they do.

"There is plenty of comic material around. I can sit in my parked car on the street, or here in my dressing room, and watch people going by and see dozens of amusing situations. But it takes hard work to build them into a comedy act. It keeps me thinking all the time and I spend most of the night hours thrashing out new angles for familiar situations. It is work, not luck that brings any success. Of course, when Opportunity knocks at your door you must be ready, the music going, and your make-up on so that you can grab your place in the spotlight."

Well, Fields grabbed off a good many triumphs during his colorful career. Billed as the *Tramp Juggler,* he performed in thirty foreign countries where he discovered comedy to be a universal language. As he pantomimed and never talked, he was welcome in every land.

He was on the same bill in South Africa that introduced Will Rogers as a lariat wizard; was top attraction at the *Folies Bergere,* in Paris, when a slim young dancer, Maurice Chevalier, began his career. In Copenhagen, a little tow-headed boy hung around the stage door to beg for his picture, now—Carl Brisson (who was that boy) and Fields have adjoining dressing rooms at the same picture studio in Hollywood!

"It was in Copenhagen that I had one of my funniest experiences," chuckled Bill. "I had a pet juggling act in which I balanced a cane on my chin, put a top hat on my foot, then kicked the hat and caught it on the tip of the cane. Well sir, one night when the theatre was packed, I missed that trick seven times. I always had a running comedy gag to use in such cases trying to cajole the audience into believing these delays were intentional. But when I missed the trick the eighth time I gave up and, tossing the hat into the air, I smacked it viciously with the cane. It soared high above the stage, twirled dozens of times, hit the back curtain and bounced right onto a peg in the hat rack placed beside me.

"It was the most spectacular thing I ever saw. The audience went wild. Many knew it was a fluke but some credulous souls were thrilled at my skill. In any case it was an exciting trick and they applauded several minutes.

"Laughs and applause are all a comedian can hope for, that spells his triumph, so I decided to use this stunt. I had a back curtain made of net and when I'd hit the hat into the air it would do a series of somersaults and drop into the net, then a replica of the first hat would be thrown onto the hat rack. It proved a sensation and the act over which I had worked and sweated blood for three years to perfect was supplanted by this simple contrivance."

Of course, it was inevitable that Fields and his unique talents would come to the screen but he didn't answer

[*Continued on page* 62]

Noel Coward Adopts the Screen

By Mary Mallet

Noel Coward, Playwright, Actor, and now a Screen Player.

In "The Miracle in 49th Street," Noel Coward is a publisher. The girl is Julie Haydon.

Here Is Your First Chance To See a Real Genius!

THE combined efforts of Messers. Hecht and MacArthur, expressed in the gruesomely fascinating "Crime Without Passion," sold Mr. Noel Coward to the movies hook, line and sinker. And that's almost as big a plum as getting the name of George Bernard Shaw on the dotted line—for Mr. Coward rubs elbows with the very finest the theatre has to offer, as actor, playwright, composer and producer. He is, perhaps, the most versatile as well as the most sophisticated artist of our time.

In spite of the fact that his name swept the country with the success of at least six of his plays, Mr. Coward believes that outside of London, New York and some of the key cities of America, his name is practically unknown. To the moving picture going public in general he thinks mention of it would go something like this—"Cavalcade?" Did *he* write that? And "Bitter Sweet?" You don't say!" Which seems to prove that, although he first visited America ten years ago, at the age of twenty-five, with fifty dollars in his pocket—which asset he has built up to a fortune estimated at $5,000,000—he still is possessed of the grace of modesty.

He makes his bow to the movie public as an actor in "Miracle in 49th Street," the third of the Hecht and MacArthur series being filmed at Eastern Service Studios on Long Island. In it he portrays a very successful, rather fascinating and quite unmoral publisher of books. And the producers would like to stress the fact that the words unmoral and immoral have very different meanings. When this picture is released I make my bet that you will want to know all about Noel Coward, for he is a grand actor and especially exciting in love scenes. He has several very peppy ones, so they say, with Julie Hayden in "Miracle in 49th Street." So here is some information about him in advance.

He was born in Teddington, England, December 16, 1899, and educated at Croydon. He made his first appearance on any stage when he was eleven, in a classic called "The Goldfish," produced by the dramatic school he attended, and Gertrude Lawrence, then a fragile big-eyed child, made her début in the same piece.

The following year Noel toured England with one of her finest actors, Charles Hawtrey. He played one thing and another until the war broke out, and then he joined the army. After the war he turned again to the stage but this experience had awakened another sense, a creative instinct to write.

Mr. Coward probably has a very good liver, for he never dreams about doing a thing, he just pitches in and does it. The fact that his first play, "I'll Leave It to You," was a flop did not disturb him in the least. Practical as he is he would have been astonished had it been a success. One doesn't usually play the violin after the first lesson; how could one expect to write a successful play without experience? Mr. Coward is, before he is anything else, a shrewd business man, and just as a business man tries one thing and then another until his product is perfected, so did Mr. Coward work on his plays. The first three or four were flops, but by this time he had acquired technique and it only remained to develop a subject that would interest the public. He chose youth and its problems, and "The Vortex" was the result.

This play made him internationally famous and put him right at the top of his profession as actor and playwright, for he created the star part in London and afterwards played it in New York. "The Vortex" made a fortune for him. The theme was as daring as it was tragic but it was his brilliant dialogue, for which he has been distinguished ever since, that won first honors.

Since that time he has written some eight or ten plays, most of them smashing successes, "The Young Idea," "Hay Fever," "Private Lives," "Words and Music," "Design for Living" and "Conversation Piece" being a few of them. "Private Lives" is revived every now and then in New York and is still being played by Little Theatre groups throughout America. His offering for the current season is "Point Valaine," in which he plays with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.

Lucky? Maybe he is, but he is something else, too. He is a very hard worker, and he gives absolute concentration to the business in hand. He doesn't try to burn the candle at both ends, which is the finish of so many gifted people, as well as some who are not so gifted! When he decided to play in "Miracle in 49th Street" he dropped everything else to study this new technique of acting before a motion picture camera and speaking through a mike. He goes to bed at nine o'clock and rises at six. He has cut out all social obligations. He is intensely interested in pictures just now, and particularly the kind of thing Hecht and MacArthur are doing, and he enjoys working with them. Hollywood may never get him because he disapproves of long term contracts and factory methods to product Art.

When he is in New York he lives in a tower suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. He has a pent house in London and recently bought a remodeled Elizabethan house in Kent, of which his mother is the lady. Do you get that, girls? He is still a bachelor!

He has never written directly for the screen because he has been plenty busy in other fields, and because he did not think he knew enough about it. He does think that stories written expressly for pictures would prove much more satisfactory than adaptations of either plays or novels. Now that he has had some experience, and his interest has been aroused, there is no telling what may happen. That trip to China he plans on taking in March may produce a screen masterpiece instead of the biography he is scheduled to write. And if it does you'll take it—and I bet you'll like it!

We present to you the screen's guest of honor—Noel Coward.

Snooping Around The Busy Sets Of Hollywood.

Studio News

By S. R. Mook

Joe Morrison, of "Last Round-Up" fame, and Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby) parking in the park for "Love in Bloom."

At Paramount

IT IS always hard for me to temper my enthusiasm in writing about Joe Morrison because I honestly think he is the best bet in pictures today. "Be that as it may," as George Monroe used to say, here he is again, just as I promised you last month, bright and shining in a piece called "Love in Bloom."

As if that weren't enough for a film, my favorite actress, Dixie Lee, makes her return to the screen in the feminine lead. Until you've heard Dixie sing you don't know how a girl *should* sound on the screen. To insure the success of the picture, Paramount has generously spotted Elliott Nugent in the director's chair. Elliott is the boy who gave you the phenomenally successful and uproariously funny "Three Cornered Moon." On top of all this, his father, J. C. Nugent, one of our leading comedians, is in the cast and also Burns and Allen.

From the foregoing you may have gathered that I think pretty well of "Love in Bloom." It should come pretty close to being another "Seventh Heaven."

Joe is an honest boy, living in a boarding house. Of course he's broke and rather than beat the landlady he gives her a promissory note for his rent. But she—the old hellion—seizes his clothes. Just as he is on the point of leaving, he hears a girl scream in the next room, as though a man were attacking her. He bursts through the door and there is Dixie. It is the only way she knows of getting acquainted with him. She's no fool.

She's down to her last buck, too, so she gets put out along with him. She takes the dollar and buys their breakfast. When Joe finds out it was the last of her money, he goes to a pawn shop, turns in his good suit and gets a funny looking outfit and a dollar to boot in exchange. Then he takes Dixie to dinner. In the meantime they have applied for—and got—a job in a music store run by an old German—Lee Kolmar. But they have nowhere to sleep. Dixie tells Joe she is going to spend the night with some friends but he is suspicious and follows her. Dixie goes to Central Park.

She finally reaches an empty bench, hesitates and sits down. She tries to arrange herself with some degree of comfort and starts to lie down. Then she looks towards the other end of the bench, her expression saying, "Wouldn't you just know this would happen?" There is a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder. A man is settling down on the other end of her bench but the lightning is too brief for her to recognize him and he hurriedly covers up with newspapers. Suddenly they sit up angrily at the same moment to glare at each other. That is, Dixie glares. The boy is Joe.

"I might have known," Dixie exclaims.

"You didn't fool me about staying with friends of yours," Joe boasts. "I followed you."

"What for?"

"To take care of you. Ever slept on a bench before?"

"No," she confesses.

"Neither have I," he admits.

This scene may not sound like much as I have described it but it is one of the most appealing I have seen in a long, long time and Joe and Dixie are not missing a trick in playing it—or any of the others. This is one picture I can hardly wait to see.

Next on the program at Paramount is the one and only Mae West in "How Am I Doin'?" I can tell Mae right now she's Okie Dokie in the box-office reports. You need everything but an order from the White House to get on to her set on account of the threatening letters she's had, but it's well worth the trouble. La Belle is in a lacy gown shot with gold and trimmed with deep bands of white fox, but I can never tell about Mae's clothes. I don't know if this is an evening gown or a negligee.

It would seem Mae has a race horse which she takes to Buenos Aires for the racing season. The night before the big race someone tries to poison the animal, but her faithful trainer fights off the intruder and reports the incident to Mae. "The dirty so-and-so," Mae exclaims. "Bring the horse into the house and put him in the guest room."

And what a guest room it is. It looks like the banquet room at the Waldorf. The bed is a huge affair with a satin coverlet and a canopy that would grace Windsor Castle. There is a pink satin quilt on the floor and they bed the horse down on this and cover him up with another. The Indian groom is patting his head (the horse's) when Mae saunters in with enough diamond bracelets on her right wrist to choke an ox.

"Everything all right, Carlos?" she inquires in the inimitable West manner.

"Yes, Lady," Carlos answers.

"If you want anything just ring for Sanchos," she instructs.

"Cut," orders the director.

"Still picture, please, Miss West," Kenneth Lobber asks.

"Nothing doing," Mae laughs. "You don't get any picture of me fooling around a bed with a horse."

Always kidding—that's Mae for you.

Next we have "McFadden's Flats." In the old days this was one of the most successful pictures Paramount ever turned out. This time it is being made with Walter Kelly, the Virginia Judge, in Charlie Murray's old part. Jane Darwell, who made such a hit in "The White Parade," plays his wife, Betty Furness their daughter, and Richard Cromwell and Howard Wilson are also in the cast.

The set is a combination dining room and kitchen. There is a range in one corner and a sink nearby. At the opposite

[*Continued on page 73*]

The bigger you are the harder you'll fall for Shirley in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

Another honey from the greatest trouper of them all—Shirley Temple. Watch fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in a new type of story . . . the kind of *dramatic* entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as co-star!

What a heart-stirring team they make! . . . this tiny star with Lionel Barrymore, veteran of a thousand hits

"Now we're going to baptize Henry Clay just like the big folks do."

"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll baptize us good."

You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentucky Colonel of the hectic 70's . . . as she charms him into forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (John Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some high and fancy steppin'.

And the finish—GUESS WHAT! A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes and dimpled cheeks!

So take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots this month!

John Lodge and Evelyn Venable

Shirley TEMPLE
Lionel BARRYMORE
in
"THE LITTLE COLONEL"

A B. G. De Sylva Production

Based on the story by Annie Fellows Johnston which thrilled millions!

More BEST BETS from the Fox Studios!

WILL ROGERS in "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

The riotous story of a modern country editor. With Richard Cromwell, Rochelle Hudson, George Barbier, Jane Darwell and Slim Summerville supporting your favorite star. Suggested by Walter B. Pitkin's best seller.

GAYNOR & BAXTER in "ONE MORE SPRING"

This unusual story from Robert Nathan's stirring novel tells what happens to two men and a girl when a winter of discontent melts into a spring of romance. With Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Stepin Fetchit and others.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS OF '35

The big musical smash of the year! Beauty, Songs, Comedy with George White himself, Alice Faye, Jimmy Dunn, Ned Sparks, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards and gorgeous gals.

FOX

BING CROSBY
JOAN BENNETT

PARAMOUNT'S impressive entry in the current musical race is "Mississippi." This is a "show boat" story, with Bing Crosby singing love songs. The two star performers can well smile, with the certain knowledge that they will look out from the screens of the country upon millions of enthusiastic and delighted customers. It is a costume picture, but not enough to hurt.

Eugene Robert Richee

The Screen Is A Milk Pan And The Cream Always Comes To The Top.

"THEY'RE TH

THE reason they have horse races is to find out which bets to p off. The reason that this page sums up the general situation in t fierce rivalry of the screen, is to tell who is getting the money th days in the much publicized jungles of Hollywood where the *Be Dames Sans Merci* carry a snickersee and the lone wolf thirsts for t blood of his rival. There probably has never been a more hotly co tested competition than the struggle for a spot in the sun-arcs, whi goes on daily on the throbbing battlefields of Hollywood. Rememb they are not fighting for bread alone, but for caviar, motor cars, yac and diamond bracelets. In fact, when a star drops out, it is not becau she can no longer act. The reason is that she has lost her pleasure intrigue and no longer gets a holy thrill out of the ceremony of t double cross.

"You're the top, you're New York by air,
You're the top, you're Claudette Colbert."

As Ethel Merman, in "Anything Goes," might sing. Nothing that happened last year carried more wallop than "It Happened One Night." Every picture Claudette makes is a success and she has her banker almost frantic trying to keep from being buried alive.

Gary Cooper an Franchot Tone, in "T Lives of a Beng Lancer," went beyo anything they have ev done.

"You're the top, you cash and carry,
You're the top, you Franchot and Gary

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire dancing —and we mean DANCING—in "The Gay Divorcee," which is one reason why the screen is now the dancingest, singingest place in town.

"You're the top, you're Woollcott on the air,
You're the top, you're Rogers and Astaire."

Will Rogers in "Life Begins at 40." Will is the Champion of the Girls-Who-Sell-the-Tickets.

"You're the top, you're the war debt dodgers,
You're the top, you're our own Will Rogers."

Frank Capra. He the top in Direct in Hollywood.

Tops"

"The Thin Man" made history and also put Myrna Loy and Bill Powell in the seats of the mighty.

"You're the top, you're California weather,
You're the top, you're Myrna and Bill together."

Opera got a screen break when "One Night of Love" introduced Grace Moore and Tullio Carminatti.

rley Temple
s the out-
nding popu-
rity winner.

ou're the top,
our hair is
urly,
ou're the top,
ou're Bright-
yed Shirley."

Clark Gable and Joan Crawford are tops on any list—particularly Gable.

"You're the top
you're the At-
lantic cable,
You're the top
you're Craw-
ford and
Gable."

LOVERS ARE

A tenderly romantic scene from George White's "Scandals" —1935. Alice Faye yearns toward the dashing Cliff Edwards—as fascinating a Romeo as ever scaled a balcony.

Chevalier's new musical piece, "Folies Bergere de Paris," in which Ann Sothern inspires the gay Frenchman to song.

"Naughty Marietta" brings two favorites, both fine singers. Nelson Eddy of radio fame sings to the beautiful and melodious Jeanette MacDonald.

Bursting Into Song

After This Year, Hardly Anyone Will Dare To Speak Of Love Unless He Has A Good Tenor or Baritone Voice, And Happy Husbands Will All Be Crooners. Today, "Be Mine" Is A Theme For B Minor.

THE screen has been credited with great influence. If this is true, the effect of the present crop of pictures will be somewhat startling. Only maidens with a High C will set forth upon the Sea of Matrimony. Passion will be poured forth *pianissimo* and the lover who finds himself in poor voice might just as well say good night and go home.

You remember Roxanne, in "Cyrano," complained that the plain avowal "I love you" lacked the fascinating and intriguing charm of more elaborate proposals—"A kiss, the dot on the 'i' in loving." That sort of thing used to get them. But this year it will be song. The brawny bass soloist will have girls hung about his neck like a lei in Hawaii. Every tenor will only have to take a deep breath and let go and the village heiress will crumple at his feet. If your daughter doesn't come upstairs at eleven o'clock, don't think that it is the radio she is listening to. Nope, that's your future son-in-law.

"Mayhap his virtues you don't see
But he proposed in the key of G."

Once was the time when two lovers were safe on the sofa in the parlor as long as they could be heard talking. Nowadays, the danger begins when you hear that first demi-semi-quaver.

There is only one bright spot—crooners usually make more than you do.

Mary Ellis, a singer of many successes, and Carl Brisson tell in song the passion of a king, in "All the King's Horses."

Allan Jones, a new name for the screen but not for Broadway, tells of love as he sings to Jean Harlow in "Reckless." You can see it has Jean stopped.

Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby) knows about song in the home. In "Love in Bloom," she has Joe Morrison to woo her with sweet melodies.

SMILE

Ross Alexander is a new player who, in "Flirtation Walk" and "Gentlemen Are Born," started a flood of letters toward this office. His smile is particularly good to see.

that happily married.

Adolphe Menjou can well afford to smile. He has so easily won to the top again, after so many setbacks.

Jean Harlow, a great actress, smiles at all the guesses about her private life. Few appreciate that Jean cares only for her career, which is still one of the most promising in Hollywood.

nd SHOW YOUR DISPOSITION

A Smile Is A Passport To New Friendships And A Deed To Old Ones.

TIME was when the chorus director used to say "Show me your teeth" when he wanted his beauteous bevy to blossom into smiles. Such a command nowadays would have a more sinister meaning, and laws with teeth are not meant to be laws of charming friendliness. But Depression effects are waning and while we have not yet returned to the days when a great corporation will spend millions to publicize "The Voice With the Smile Wins," it is nevertheless true, as instanced by these beaming, captivating, smiling players.

Did you know that actors and actresses with more or less prominent front teeth were preferred for the movies at one time because they had nice smiles? Mabel Normand and Anita Stewart and Harold Murray, for example.

We like players who can keep their mouths open when they work. Not hanging open or stupidly open, but just enough so that the telltale tremblings and expressive wrackings of the lips may be registered. The amateur always keeps his lips tight shut.

And best of all, we take delight in the surrender and appeal of a generous open smile, which, more than any other expression, reveals the soul—but only the nice part.

Anne Shirley has received many compliments for her rôle as the talkative waif in "Green Gables." Here is one more:—We all smiled upon you, Anne, with love in our hearts.

is a big year Ann Dvorak, d the smiling n knows that erything has ne all right so far.

The smiling Joan Blondell back at work after time out for the baby.

AUTOG

The Albums For Silver Screen

THE stars do not mind autographing albums when the owne about it. Sometimes, when napkins and newspapers are sho feel that the signatures thus secured will just be thrown awa albums in this contest really tried to win them and there were So the stars know that their signatures will be treasured.

SILVER SCREEN's photographer has caught some of the playe album was one of those pictured here, you will probably wi taken when your book was actually being autographed, and, if original print to you.

Bing Crosl one of the in which when he si Franc

APHING

Vinners Of The
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Dick Powell, on the "Gold Diggers" set, stops to give his signature to Betty Powers.

rk Gable was on the
working on "After
ice Hours," when he
sented to write his
ne in Everil W. Gav-
's autograph album.

Warner Baxter in the act of making Lula M. Chapman very happy.

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Carole Lombard signs Edna Gormley's book, and glad to do it.

Social Life

The Italian Ambassador to the United States, and party, are entertained on the M-G-M lot. Left to right are Marquis R. dalla Rosa, Italian consul; Mr. Rogert Vignola; Jeanette MacDonald; Helen Hayes; Nelson Eddy; His Excellency, Augusto Rosso, Italian Ambassador; Commandatore Manzini; May Robson; Mr. Charles Pettijohn; Jean Harlow; Mrs. Charles Pettijohn; Louis B. Mayer; Constance Bennett and Maureen O'Sullivan.

F. E. Evans, newly appointed British Consul in Los Angeles, and his wife, pay a social call on Henry Wilcoxon on "The Crusades" set.

Viscount and Lady Byng have come up to see Mae West, and the famous star of "How Am I Doin'?" serves tea to her famous guests. After the formalities were over, Mae called her guests "Dearie" and "Honey," which pleased Lord Byng very much.

ON THE SETS

When The Great Ones Of The Earth Go To Hollywood They Are Received With Full Social Ceremony By The Screen's "400."

NOWHERE is the American system of selecting the names for the Social Register more democratic than in Hollywood. A Lindbergh flies to Paris and from that moment he is one of America's Great People. An actress plays a great part on the screen and all the world admits her to the exclusive circles of the social world.

It is something of which we all can be proud. We are a people who honor accomplishment. In the group which Louis B. Mayer has assembled from his hired help to do honor to an Ambassador, are girls born to the purple and girls born in peasant cottages, but now they are NAMES and eligible to meet on terms of equality any of the blue bloods of the earth. Past is the aristocracy of money, money gained oftentimes from slaughter houses and doubtful stock certificates. The Aristocracy of Achievement leads the cotillion.

When Vice-Admiral R. A. R. Plunkett-Drax visited Movietone City, he was entertained by Shirley Temple all dressed up in a special sailor dress for that occasion.

Irene Dunne stops work on "Roberta" to do the social amenities for Brigadier General Alex Ross, Dominion Commander of the Canadian Legion, and Mrs. Ross.

Will Rogers is honored to stop work and talk with Kingsford-Smith, the great World Flier.

STEPPING HIGH

The Screen Is All Waxed And The Fiddlers Are Ready For The Greatest Season Of Dance Pictures You've Ever Seen.

IT IS a very good thing that all Peter Stuyvesant had to do was be Governor of New Amsterdam. If he had had to make good in Hollywood, his wooden leg wouldn't have helped him. For the light of the Picture Village is the light fantastic, and the Girls and Boys of the Cinema are Treading a Measure—and I don't mean walking on a yardstick.

Imagination falters to conceive of all the twists and turnings of the dancers which are now offered to our admiring eyes. Busby Berkeley and Bobby Connolly and many others have passed sleepless nights over these dance numbers and we can tell you in confidence that there will not be one circular arrangement viewed from above to give you your usual pain in the neck.

Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart singing and dancing, amid the apple blossoms which are bursting forth just at this season on the old property tree at Warners, in "The Gold Diggers of 1935."

"I Won't Dance" sing famous Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "Roberta"—but they do and how!

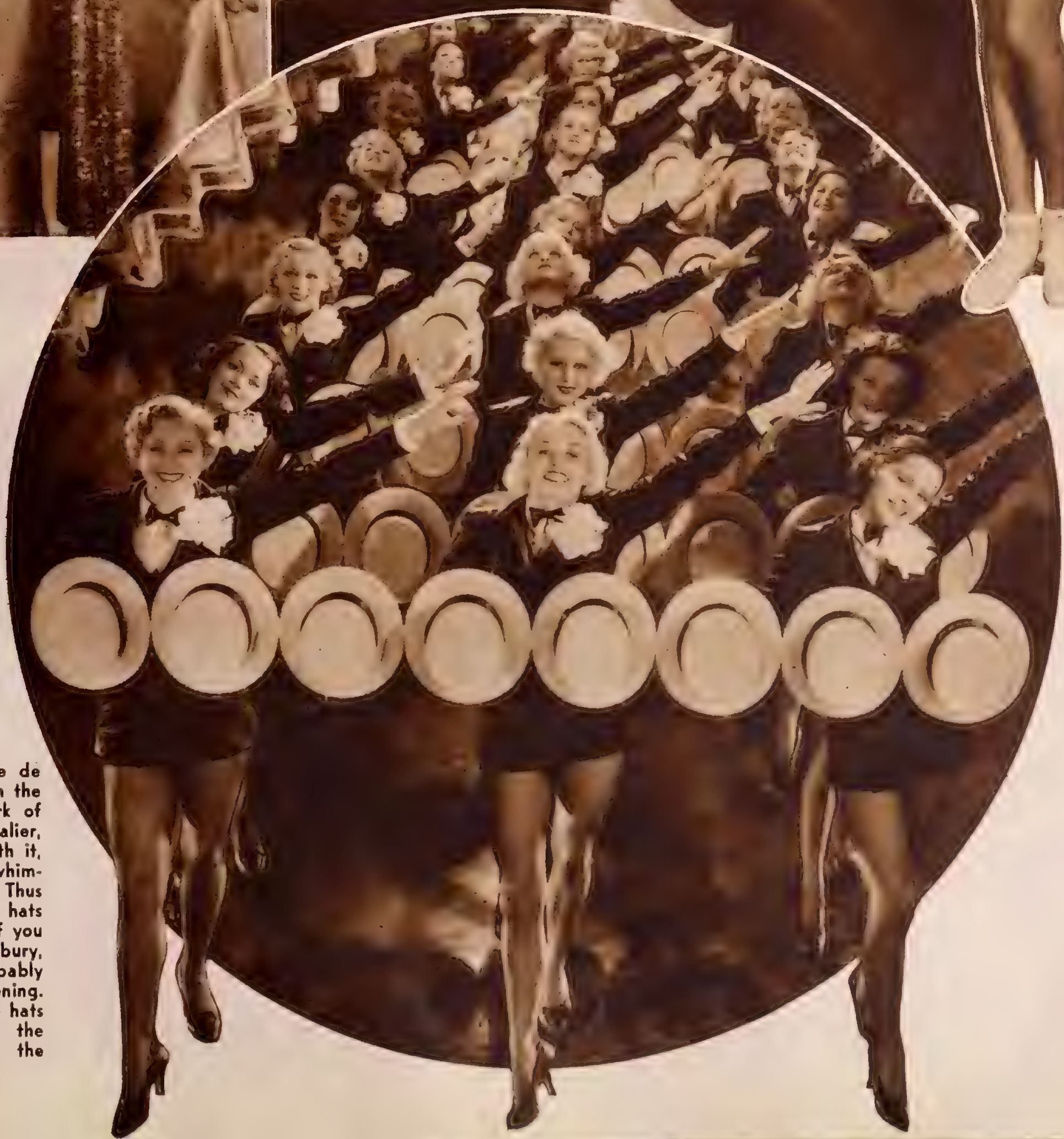
The famous beauty chorus of the "Scandals." Everyone of these girls is a potential star, and very high potential indeed—Ah there, Einstein!

Alice Faye and Jimmie Dunn in George White's "Scandals 1935." Both are good dancers. Alice is ravishing and Jimmie has developed a new personality since playing with Shirley Temple. Swell!

WIDE *and* HANDSOME

Maurice Chevalier in the "Folies Bergere de Paris."

Eleanore Troy, a Washington, D. C., beauty, who graces the "Gold Diggers of 1935."



In the "Folies Bergere de Paris," they have taken the well known trade mark of the star, Maurice Chevalier, and romped about with it, being fanciful and whimsical all the while. Thus you will see straw hats hither and yon, and if you are a native of Danbury, Conn., you will probably have a pleasant evening. We shall skip over the hats and concentrate on the loveliest chorus on the screen.

Every New Hat Finds Its Place On The Head Of A Happy Woman.

Hats

A new sailor hat of Oxford gray felt, with a cord of Oxford gray and gold around the crown, and with Arline Judge to set it off.

A design by Royer for Rosemary Ames. It is the new off-the-face type of mediæval inspiration.

PRINTED IN U. S

The brim is new and gives a mannish look to the familiar crown. Worn by Claire Trevor.

Mary Carlisle in a becoming hat of finely woven straw, with a jaunty feather.

How Hollywood Stars Emphasize *The Appeal of Beauty*

GLORIA STUART

Appearing with Dick Powell in Warner Bros.' Musical Extravaganza

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935"

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

The Secret Is a New Make-Up Now You Can Share It

YOU can instantly make your beauty more attractive if you adopt this new kind of make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

It is called color harmony make-up, because each shade of powder, rouge and lipstick is a color harmony tone designed to harmonize with each other, and with individual complexion colorings of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Thus, the appealing beauty of each type is emphasized to the utmost.

Famous screen stars have found magic beauty in this secret ...so you may confidently expect your own color harmony in in this new make-up to create a lovely, entrancing, fascinating beauty for you. You'll note how the face powder imparts a satin-smooth, clinging make-up... how the rouge gives life and color to the cheeks naturally... how the lipstick creates a color-perfect lip make-up that lasts and lasts.

Discover new beauty by sharing this luxury of Hollywood's stars, now available to you at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

☆ ☆

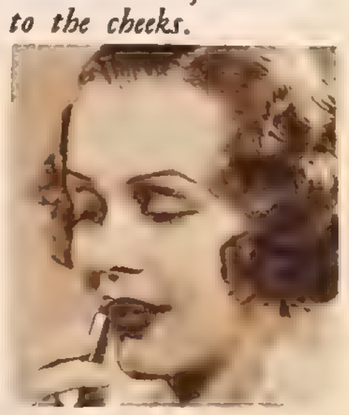
FOR personal make-up advice ...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick...mail coupon below.

POWDER

The color harmony shade for Gloria Stuart's blonde colorings is Max Factor's Rachelle Powder...clinging, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that beautifies the skin.

ROUGE

The harmonizing color-tone is Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge...creamy-smooth in texture, it blends evenly, imparting a delicate lifelike color to the cheeks.



LIPSTICK

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof, the permanent color keeps the lips lovely for hours and hours.

© 1935 Max Factor

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: *Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony*

***Mail for your* COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK**

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR ... HOLLYWOOD

JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*"... FREE

NAME _____ 17-4-89

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CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

ANNA STEN

THE new Sten picture again shows Anna in various dresses, none of which are up-to-date. Evidently Mr. Goldwyn does not approve of the modern fashions. Gary Cooper is supporting Miss Sten in "The Wedding Night." It is the story of an immigrant who settled in Connecticut.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

He is a laughing little fellow quite unaffected by interviewers, personal appearances or fame. His next picture will be "Anna Karenina," in which he plays Garbo's little son.

Freddie Bartholomew Is The Little English Boy Who Came Over To Play David Copperfield And Has Won The Heart Of America.

Born To Act

By Lenore Samuels

"HANDS UP!" yelled this pseudo-Public Enemy No. 2, and before I could say *Freddie Bartholomew* a good-sized gun was burrowing into the neighborhood of my spine and another was being brandished menacingly before my startled eyes. "Your money or your life!" warned this extraordinary English boy who, at this precise moment, resembled Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" so closely it seemed difficult to believe he had been brought up within the sight and sound of the river Thames instead of on the banks of the Wabash.

Such was the robust reception accorded me, at the Hotel Gotham in New York one blustering afternoon in late winter, by this gifted ten-year-old boy who has given the screen such a remarkably beautiful characterization of Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield" it will live in our memories for many years to come. The youth of this generation may come to the theatre prepared to scoff at the mid-Victorian fussiness of Dickens, but it will soon find itself laughing and sobbing in the same breath, especially during some of those moments when little Freddie Bartholomew is on the screen.

Freddie's adored "Aunt Sissy" was with him when I called, and it was she who told me how the boy happened to be favored for the rôle of David Copperfield. It seems that when Freddie was five he came to pay her and his grandfather a visit at their home in Warminster, a short distance from London. While telling him little stories and teaching him various lines from Shakespeare and other dramatists, she discovered that he had a very retentive memory and was what they call in the theatre a "quick study." And soon she had him "doing his little bit" at Charity Benefits in the neighborhood. Freddie's visit lengthened indefinitely and his parents, realizing how happy their boy was with his aunt, and appreciating the progress he had made under her patient guidance, decided to let him remain where he was.

Those of you who have already seen "David Copperfield" and been bewitched by the irresistible magic of this boy's personality, must agree with me that "Aunt Sissy" is to be congratulated for her splendid preliminary training of this budding star.

But to get on with our story. . . . The years sped by—all five of them—and Freddie's ambition to be an a*ctor,* as he so meticulously puts it, was crying aloud for the right to express itself.

In the meantime he kept reading and re-reading his favorite authors, especially Dickens, his preferences being for "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "David Copperfield." "I had already read 'David Copperfield' three times," he informed me in that exquisitely pure and well modulated little voice of his, "when suddenly I read in the papers that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was searching for the right boy to play this part. I begged Aunty to take me to America, just on a hunch. I felt sure that if given the opportunity, I could play 'David.'"

So Freddie and his astute aunt crossed the Atlantic together for the first time, with Aunt Sissy sick abed from *mal de mer* during most of the trip and Freddie coming blithely to each meal (after he had given up his first) and playing a simply marvelous game with a little boy he got to know trying to see who could eat the most. His aunt firmly believes that Freddie never gave up playing that particular game for he's gained all of ten pounds since his arrival in America.

Straight across the Continent to Hollywood they went and soon the excited Freddie was standing in front of Mr. David Selznick, who was to produce "David Copperfield," and reciting Marc Antony's immortal speech from "Julius Caesar." Mr. Selznick listened (just as I did later that afternoon when he gave the same speech for me) enchanted and amazed at the exquisite interpretation of these lines by a mere lad with no stage training to speak of. When he finished, Mr. Selznick said simply: "You shall play David, because to me you *are* David."

Hundreds of little American and English lads had already been given screen tests for this coveted rôle, but when he saw Freddie, Mr. Selznick knew instinctively that a test was not necessary. In his mind there had already been formed a picture of the perfect juvenile David Copperfield, and this picture-character had the same small, delicately chiseled features and the same clear grey-blue eyes, in which every thought and emotion was so faultlessly mirrored, as had Freddie Bartholomew. And so another fascinating career was launched in Hollywood.

Frank Lawton, who plays David Copperfield as a young man, graciously admitted that little Freddie interpreted David so perfectly, it was a difficult part to carry on. And Freddie, who breezily remarks that "Frank and I got along famously together," claims that he enjoyed watching the last half of the finished production best. "After rehearsing and playing in the first half, seeing it was just like re-reading a book for the fourth or fifth time. But the second half was really new to me."

Freddie is a slim but well-knit youngster, strong as a piece of tempered steel, and, when it comes to wrestling or boxing or fencing, needs little or no handicap. Asked which of the American sports he favored most, he quickly replied: "Baseball. That's keen."

Before I knew what I was about the trite old reliable "And what are you planning to be when you grow up?" came tumbling out.

"An a*ctor,*" said Freddie without hesitation. "But I shall do some writing in my spare time."

"And haven't you ever considered being a banker or a lawyer?"

"Oh, no," responded this nimble child whose vocabulary is extensive enough to take him over all conversational hurdles. "If I had to choose anything like that I think I'd prefer to be a cowboy," and suddenly that deadly gun once again emerged from the holster that was fastened wild-west fashion around his tiny middle, and imaginary enemies were being done to death in the dim far corners of the room.

"Have you written anything yet?" I inquired after the killings had been accomplished to his evident satisfaction.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "I have written essays—of a fantastic nature."

Aunt Sissy turned to me proudly. "Do you know what Hugh Walpole wrote in Freddie's autograph album? "To Freddie—towards whom I shall always feel like a spiritual uncle.'" (Mr. Walpole is the distinguished British novelist who adapted "David Copperfield" for the screen.)

"Lucky little boy," I murmured, and could not resist the impulse to draw him into my arms and give him a good sound hug before I said goodbye.

Lupe Velez hangs a new bracelet on herself for every contract.

SYMBOLS OF SUCCESS

An Actor's Posessions Tell The World How Good He Is.

By Helen Louise Walker

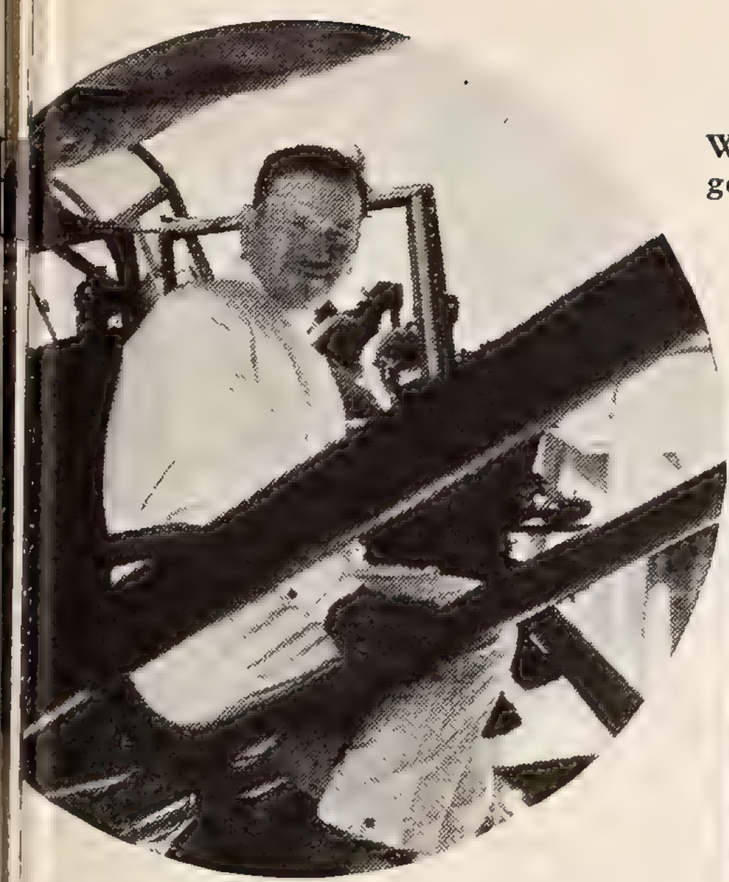
YEARS ago Harold Lloyd, living in a loft over a drug store with his father, said, "If I make good in pictures, I shall buy a real silk shirt!" Today Harold is one of the richest men in Hollywood and the possessor of an estate which is famous throughout the country for its lavish luxury.

That silk shirt was a symbol to Harold. A symbol of success! Tangible testimony to the fact that he had made good in pictures.

With the passing years that same sort of symbolism has come to be an institution in Hollywood. In the days of Wallace Reid and Tom Mix, ornate cars were the badges of success. Snappy open numbers were the vogue and the more startling the paint job, the more gadgets which were attached to the thing, the greater the evidence of professional triumph.

Of late the system of symbols has grown a little more complex. Cars still figure in it. The first thing your struggling "bit player" tries to acquire is a snappy roadster. This he drives up and down the Boulevard, hoping that someone will notice him and gather that he is prospering . . . since success breeds success in Hollywood as well as

Leo Carrillo standing on his own power cruiser. That might be John Barrymore's schooner in back of Leo.



Wally Beery goes in for airplanes.

A string of polo ponies costs money. Spencer Tracy and his instructor, Snowy Baker.

Bill Powell is building himself a regular mansion, and even Philo Vance could tell Bill is in the money.

in other places. It is not until a player becomes an established star that he can afford to drive a cheap roadster. Claudette Colbert abandoned her expensive limousine in favor of a small coupe *after* she signed her important contract with Paramount recently.

When your bit player achieves a contract . . . even a modest "stock contract," he instantly acquires as elaborate an apartment as possible where he has a manservant to look after him, to serve cocktails and cozy dinners to his guests, to answer the telephone and inquire, suavely, "Who is calling, please?" He endeavors, of course, to have guests who may be of assistance to him in his climb to fame. Possibly the rent is overdue . . . but he must have caviar and an atmosphere of elegance . . . he must have the proper background. All this is not as silly as it may sound. Front is important in Hollywood. It is almost an axiom in pictures that a person's possessions, his manner of living, reveal his success.

When the bit player becomes a featured player, he acquires a dressing room of his very own upon the lot and of course he must immediately have it redecorated . . . these days in brown and white with carved crystal ash trays and a few chaste etchings if he is a man. If the player is a woman, she has her dressing room "done" in white with organdie curtains and a few touches of pale green and ashes-of-roses.

It is just about at this point in a picture career that the symbols-of-success system begins to become complicated.

When Sylvia Sidney had been in Hollywood about a year and stardom seemed just around the corner, she bought a house. Now, Sylvia didn't *want* a house. She hates possessions because of the hold they have on people's affections. She dislikes responsibility or ties of any sort. A theatrical nomad, she had lived in a trunk and hotel rooms for years. What was more, this house had a swimming pool, tennis courts, badminton courts and a play room. And Sylvia dislikes games, does not swim and entertains very little.

The Harold Lloyd Estate is the most perfect example in the world of the last laugh. While you laughed at Harold, he collected.

"But," she remarked helplessly, "everyone has a house! You *must* have a house and it must have do-dads for exercise and games. What was I to do? My guests enjoy the do-dads . . . when I have any guests!"

Lyle Talbot signed an excellent contract with Warner Brothers and immediately acquired a business manager to tell him how to spend or not to spend his salary. A living symbol of achievement.

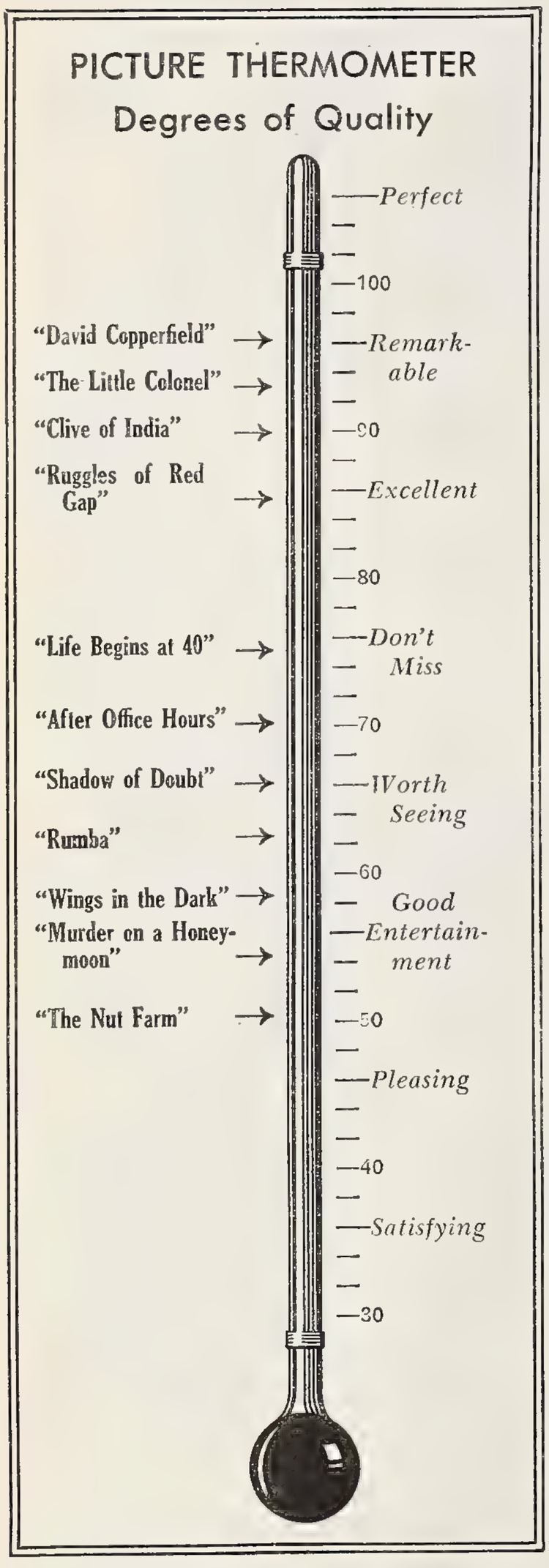
When the contract is renewed and it begins to seem likely that the career in Hollywood is assured, the film actor acquires a house. Unfortunately he usually acquires simultaneously a number of relatives who are not only willing but determined to be supported in a style which befits his new station in life!

Now, of course, he absolutely *must* take his telephone number out of the book. It would be too humiliating if his friends were able to look up his number and call him in the usual fashion. It simply isn't done in these circles.

Having taken these elaborate precautions to insure his privacy he must now have a little hide-out somewhere where he can "get away from it all."

Take Douglas Montgomery. Doug [*Continued on page* 66

REVIEWS



DAVID COPPERFIELD

Rating: 96°—"I HAVE ARRIVED"—MICAWBER —*M-G-M*

DICKENS has come to the screen both in form and costume, and in spirit as well. Great credit goes to George Cukor, the director, and to Howard Estabrook and Hugh Walpole who adapted the classic. They have given us the intangible quality that is Dickens. The actors are above criticism. Especially should praise be given to W. C. Fields for Micawber's complete, loquacious and comical re-creation. Another thrilling impersonation was the Aunt Betsy of Edna May Oliver.

It seems to this reviewer that such characters are particularly adapted to screening. A Dickens' type is wholly typed. From his curious pants to his noble top hat, Mr. Micawber is like nothing else you ever saw. And when Aunt Betsy calls out "Donkeys!" there is such action and serious absurdity that it is most entertaining.

Modern writing does not make its characters so freakish, and screen writers would do well to consider the fact that a Dickens character is perfect for the movies because of these qualities of unique and humorous individuality.

Now for Mr. W. C. Fields as Pickwick.

THE LITTLE COLONEL

Rating: 93°—SHIRLEY TEMPLE IN DIXIE—*Fox*

WELL, folks, here's what you've all been waiting for, our little Shirley Temple as the Little Colonel, and it does my old heart good to tell you that the picture is a honey and Shirley doesn't disappoint you. On the contrary she surprises you.

Of course we knew that Shirley could sing and cry and act awfully cute (too cute sometimes, alas) but in this picture she breaks out into a tap dance with Bill Robinson, than whom there is no than whomer, and can that child tap! As a frustrated tap dancer myself, little Miss Temple can have my great admiration and respect any time. Just to see her and Bill go into their taps is worth double the price of admission and I wouldn't fool you if I could.

Of course you know the story of the Little Colonel, the famous series of books by Annie Fellows Johnston, which so delighted kids of my generation—ah me, 'twas many a year ago I fear me—how a little child with a sweet smile and a nasty temper won over a crusty old grandfather who had driven his only daughter out of the house simply because she married one of those "damnedyankees."

Much of the charm of the book is retained, and for that Fox be praised.

CLIVE OF INDIA

Rating: 90°—LAVISHLY MOUNTED, BEAUTIFULLY PHOTOGRAPHED—*U. A.*

"CLIVE OF INDIA" turns out to be one of Ronald Colman's best pictures. It is the story of a clerk, sent out to India in 1748 in disgrace, who revolts at his lot, joins the army, becomes known as the savior of India, and marries Loretta Young, the sister of his friend. There are constant revolts which he is invariably called upon to quell, although his hands are tied at every step and he is compelled to play hunches, knowing that if he succeeds his disobedience to orders will be forgiven, and that if he fails he will be courtmartialed. But he never fails.

At last, his job done, he and Loretta (now middle-aged) return to England to enjoy their fortune. A third time he is called back to England's wealthiest colony —but this time he goes alone. Loretta has had her fill of India. When he returns once more to England it is under a cloud and his wife has not forgiven him. It is not until the last few feet of the film that his majesty sends Clive a message of appreciation and that he is reconciled with his wife.

Colman makes a dashing Clive, performing with sympathy and understanding. His fans will be treated to what (so far as this writer recalls) is the first sight of him without his mustache. Loretta Young has never looked lovelier nor given a more appealing performance.

In fact, the whole picture is far, far above the average and one that may safely be put on your "must" list.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

Rating: 85°—TOPS IN HUMOR—*Par.*

HERE'S the funniest picture of the month, or any other month you want to name, including Beatrice Lillie's famous March, March—April May and June. Charles Laughton, Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, ZaSu Pitts, and Roland Young simply go to town in this picture and have you in stitches from the first five minutes on.

You probably know Harry Leon Wilson's famous story by the same title, and perhaps you've seen it on stage and screen before, but you've never really seen Ruggles until you've seen Charles Laughton play him. His characterization of the staid English manservant, who is won by the American Frouds in a poker game and taken to Red Gap, Washington, is a new high in comedy.

The picture concerns the Americanizing of good old Ruggles. Mary Boland, as the *nouveau riche* and social climbing Mrs. Effie Froud, is nothing less than magnificent, and what she does to the French language is really sufficient cause for war. Charlie Ruggles even outdoes himself as that breezy, big-hearted westerner, Egbert Froud, who has a penchant for checked suits, hard liquor, and democracy. ZaSu Pitts, as the widow Judson and the love-light in Mr. Laughton's eye, is simply grand, and so is Roland Young as the English lord who travels all the way to Washington, America, to get his Ruggles back, only to discover that his faithful valet has become a man.

A delightful surprise in the picture is Leila Hyams, prettier than ever, who plays sort of a hostess in sort of a house, and her warbling of "Everybody Loves a Baby," accompanied by Roland Young on the trap drums, is your money's worth right there. The picture's a knock-out.

LIFE BEGINS AT 40

Rating: 75°—HOME-SPUN HUMOR—*Fox*

ONE of the best of the Will Rogers pictures. Which means that you and the little woman and the kiddies (brats to the neighbors) are in for one evening of grand, homely entertainment with the nation's best box office attraction drawling away at his priceless philosophy.

Will plays his usual small town character; this time he's the editor of a country newspaper which is up to its linotype in debt. One night Dick Cromwell, who has falsely served a prison sentence for stealing money from the local bank, returns to town for the expressed purpose of shooting Banker George Barbier, who had him sent up. Will catches him in time, takes him home for hot cakes and philosophy, and throws in Rochelle Hudson for good measure.

Dick decides to accept Will's offer of partnership on his newspaper and begins his courtship of la belle Hudson, while wily Will settles down to a little sleuthing on the side, and sure enough, discovers that it was the banker's son, and not Dick, who stole the money to play the ponies down in Louisville.

There are some moments of superb humor in the picture, especially when Editor Rogers breaks up Banker Barbier's political rally with a family of hog-callers (and believe me, Ella, I never before realized there was so much technique to hog-calling). You'll split your sides laughing

Recent Pictures Caught, Critcized Or Complimented, As They Deserve.

over this, but it won't be so funny when Junior wakes you up the next morning shouting—"Whoooo—ahahah—eeee, Pig Pig Pig." Slim Summerville is grand as the laziest man in town, and so is Jane Darwell as "Miss Ida." Dick and Rochelle make a fine, a mighty fine, young couple.

AFTER OFFICE HOURS

Rating: 70°—"THE OBJECT OF MY AFFECTIONS"—*M-G-M*

WELL, Clark Gable, the object of my affections, and yours and yours and yours, too, Toots, now crashes forth as the managing editor of a New York newspaper, and true to the tradition shouts at the top of his voice, hurls expletives at the staff, and talks over several phones at once. (And when I remember that the only managing editor I ever had was as cold as a dead arctic fish I feel that I have lived in vain.)

He fires Miss Connie Bennett of the Southampton crowd, who wants to do a bit of slumming among the ink-pots, and then discovers later that she is a friend of a young society lawyer he hopes to expose. He uses her to get the lowdown on the Southampton crowd, and then when she gets wise and throws him over, he realizes that it's Love. Anyway, the snooty lawyer, hoping to annex a few of Connie's millions, murders his mistress, one of the Southampton crowd too, my dear, and so Gable goes into his Philo Vance and you may be sure he gets his man.

Gable is as charming as ever, in spite of his little editorial duties, and the scene where he rides on a speed cop's handle bars just to tell Connie he loves her will convulse you. Stu Erwin as the newspaper's pet photographer is elegant, and Billie Burke flutters around so divinely in her few scenes that you get mad every time she leaves the screen. Harvey Stephens, Henry Armetta, Katharine Alexander, Charles Richman and Hale Hamilton complete a perfect cast. It's a gay, frothy picture and if you're in the mood for a gay, frothy picture you'll like it.

SHADOW OF DOUBT

Rating: 66°—MURDER RAMPANT—*M-G-M*

THIS picture's importance lies in the fact that it introduces to the moviegoing populace, populae, populum, a brilliant new personality, Miss Constance Collier. Miss Collier has long been a favorite of the New York and London stage, and judging from the reception she received at her first preview she is going to be a top notch cinema favorite in no time.

In her debut film she plays a rich and highly eccentric old aunt who dotes on her nephew, Ricardo Cortez, and threatens to cut him off without a penny if he marries that vulgar Hollywood movie star, Virginia Bruce. Well, Ric walks out on his fussy old aunt after those harsh words, and walks right into a swell murder, a movie producer no less, what fun, and sure enough, just as you suspected, Virginia is accused of the murder.

Things look pretty black for Virginia until crotchety old aunt Constance takes charge, visits a night club, and lays a trap for the murderer, who, in the meantime, has managed to bump off a couple of other guys. Besides Miss Collier there are two more delightful surprises in this picture: Isabel Jewell, as a night club hostess, sings "Shadow of Doubt," and can now go to the head of the class of our best warblers; and second, Regis Toomey returns to the screen—and what a hand the preview audience gave him.

RUMBA

Rating: 62°—ALL GOD'S CUBANS GOT RHYTHM—*Paramount*

FOLLOWING their success in "Bolero," which I am reliably told did nip-ups at the box office, good old Paramount now gives us Carole Lombard and George Raft in a little something called "Rumba" which is quite, quite pleasing to the eye and ear. I'm a sucker for rumba music any time—it's the gypsy in me—and when little missy Carole and master Georgie go to the trouble to dance me a nice smart rumba for almost a reel I am that pleased I purr.

The story's rather inconsequential, but who cares so long as there is plenty of good hot dancing. Anyway, it's about a Cuban hoofer and a ritzy society dame who both happen to draw the same lucky lottery ticket, only Georgie's is a fake. When Carole, just filthy rich, offers magnanimously to give him the money, he tells her plenty and is fired—pronto. Georgie works up a rumba act with Margo (remember her in "Crime Without Passion"?), and is the sensation of Havana.

Carole's little four hundred foot rowboat docks again and she is all for falling in love with George when she discovers that he is only an elephant—she ritzed him once and now he's gonna ritz her. Back to New York goes Carole, and hot on her heels comes Georgie, who realizes now that it was all a mistake and he loves her. He and Margo are top billing in a Broadway revue, but on the opening night Margo faints, conveniently, and it is Carole who dances the rumba with George. Lynne Overman, as the bibulous press agent, is grand. Something must be done about Margo. She's much too good for bits.

[*Continued on page* 58]

The Silver Screen Movie Thermometer Tells You Which Shows To See

Beautiful Madge Evans and Frank Lawton in "David Copperfield," the film that raised the dickens at the B. O.

Carole Lombard and George Raft in a "Rumba" dance sequence, which is the answer to the cries of "More, More" from the "Bolero" fans.

The GIRL FROM FARGO

Virginia Bruce Has A Blue-Eyed Baby, Susan Ann Gilbert, And A Brilliant Future Of Her Very Own.

By Muriel Babcock

One of the prettiest girls in Hollywood.

"IT IS about time," remarked my young brother as he looked at the reviews of "The Mighty Barnum," which lauded Virginia Bruce to the skies, "that someone wrote the true story of that girl. What a swell, brave kid she has been, how she has fought her way upward and all the things she has accomplished by herself."

"Everyone talks about her as the former Mrs. Jack Gilbert, and everyone seems to know about her marriage and her divorce and her child, but no one seems to know anything about the girl herself.

"Why don't you write it? Tell how she was brought up in a small North Dakota city against a bleak prairie setting, always hungering, like a lot of the rest of us, to see things and to do things in the outside world. Probably because she was a girl and longed for glamour and the luxurious ways of living. Tell how she went to work in the show business, instead of going to college like the rest of her girl friends, because her family needed money. How, now, at the age of twenty-three she has the responsibility of her whole family and loves it. That she is sending her young kid brother to college and helping him to enjoy the things she missed.

"Why don't you paint a picture of her with all the lights and shadows and show her for something more than a beautiful blonde who has had top spot in Hollywood publicity because of her marriage? Call it, well I don't know of a better title than 'The True Story of Virginia Bruce.'

And so here goes, as best I can. My young brother speaks of something he knows. He was a classmate of Virginia's in Fargo, North Dakota, knew her when she was a pretty girl who went to high school dances, who played the piano well enough to be chosen one year as accompanist for the state high school music contestants, but who never, in her wildest flights of imagination, dreamed of being a Hollywood actress. Her family lived comfortably and Virginia was brought up sensibly.

I knew her myself as one of the younger fry of the town. I used to catch my street car at the corner where stood her parents' home, a large comfortable brick house with a big yard. In those days I was a cub reporter on the Fargo Forum with no idea of landing in Hollywood as a motion picture writer. And no idea at all that the pretty little blonde girl who lived on the corner would one day be a star.

Perhaps you know the story of Virgina's getting into pictures, but you don't know the story behind it. There is always a story behind something that happens to change a whole lifetime.

The Briggs family, for that was their name instead of Bruce, lost their money and decided upon a move to California where Mr. Briggs might get a new start. Virginia was of college age and they promised her that she might go to the University of California at Los Angeles instead of to the state college at home, or to Wisconsin or Northwestern Universities where her pals were headed. Things went no better in California than at home—the depression was starting—and when the family fortunes were at a low ebb, Director Bill Beaudine met Virginia casually, saw in her picture potentialities and convinced a skeptical family and an even more skeptical Virginia that she had a big chance.

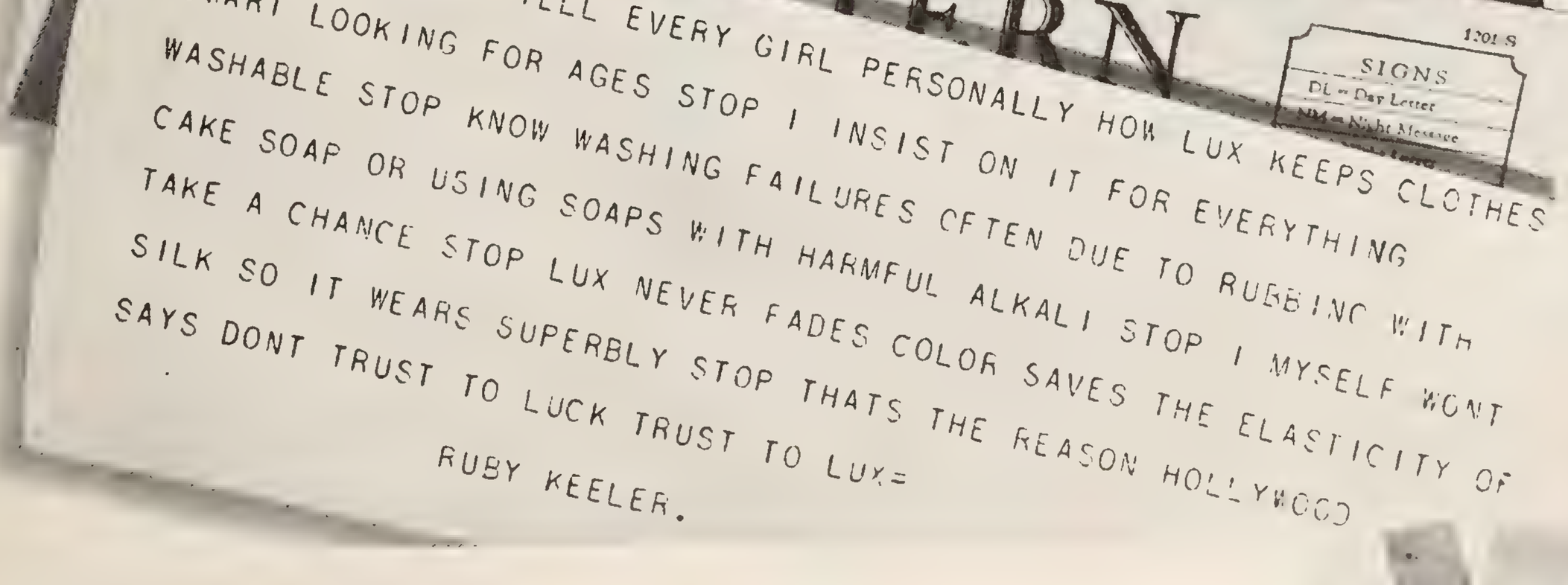
And so the youngster said goodbye to her heretofore carefree girlhood and started at the job of earning a living in the most heart-breaking, most demanding and most fantastically unbelievable profession in the world.

There were a few jobs in Hollywood, nothing in importance, but they paid. Then came a chance to go to New York in the chorus of a musical comedy. Virginia took it. She received, I think, about $50 a week. Half of that went home to California. [*Continued on page* 62]

Ricardo Cortez and Virginia Bruce in "Shadows of Doubt." Virginia steps out now and then with Dick Powell.

Virginia, when she was Miss Briggs of the Fargo, N. D. High School Class of 1928.

RUBY KEELER *is the star of Warner Brothers' new production, "Go Into Your Dance"*



I WISH I COULD TELL EVERY GIRL PERSONALLY HOW LUX KEEPS CLOTHES SMART LOOKING FOR AGES STOP I INSIST ON IT FOR EVERYTHING WASHABLE STOP KNOW WASHING FAILURES OFTEN DUE TO RUBBING WITH CAKE SOAP OR USING SOAPS WITH HARMFUL ALKALI STOP I MYSELF WONT TAKE A CHANCE STOP LUX NEVER FADES COLOR SAVES THE ELASTICITY OF SILK SO IT WEARS SUPERBLY STOP THATS THE REASON HOLLYWOOD SAYS DONT TRUST TO LUCK TRUST TO LUX=

RUBY KEELER.

THANK YOU—Ruby Keeler—for your wholehearted approval of Lux. Your fans will appreciate this bit of personal advice. It makes them feel very close to you to know that you use Lux just the same way they do.

Things last longer, look lovelier with Lux because it has no harmful alkali as many ordinary soaps have, and with Lux there's no rubbing. It's these things that fade colors, weaken fibres. Lux saves colors, keeps materials looking like new. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

SPECIFIED IN ALL THE BIG HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS . . .

"We use Lux in our wardrobe department to keep stockings and costumes new-looking twice as long," says N'Was McKenzie, Warner Brothers' wardrobe supervisor. "We're washing almost every fabric that comes in here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies! They look swell! It's a real dollars-and-cents saving."

NRA CODE

Two of the 46,000,000

WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren't just bragging. And we aren't talking about ourselves . . . but about *you* and a problem of *yours!*

Here's why it is important to you. Occasionally you need a laxative to relieve constipation. You want the best relief you can get . . . thorough, pleasant, painless.

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Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to blast the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is *gentle.* Unlike harsh laxatives, it won't cause stomach pains, it won't upset you, it won't leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn't form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to take . . . for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

• • •

COLD WAVE HERE . . . and we mean *colds.* Sneezing, sniffling, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KEEP REGULAR . . . with Ex-Lax.

When Nature forgets—remember

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S45 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
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Echoes from Hollywood

In the Spanish speaking countries Rosita Moreno is loved with that burning devotion which is consuming Mel Schauer. They will soon be wed. Our blessing, Mel.

ONE of the most excited people in Hollywood a couple of weeks ago was Gloria Swanson. The occasion was her daughter Gloria's graduation from grammar school, and as a graduation present Gloria presented young Gloria with a lovely white dress and a pearl pin.

THIS comes under the heading of Big Moments. After the preview of "Vanessa," the studio read over the preview cards with the criticisms from the audience, and ninety percent of them said, "there should be more of May Robson in the picture." So nice old Metro restored May Robson to life, (she was killed off early in the picture), and built up her part to last all the way through. And was May proud when she heard about those preview cards!

WELL, Gary Cooper and Director King Vidor claim that it's really true, so maybe 'tis. Anna Sten has a huge white Samoyede dog, named Druhjoc, which she brought with her from Russia. During the production of "The Wedding Night" Druhjoc sat on the set every day and watched his mistress and Gary run through their scenes. "And whenever it was a bad take, that dog barked," said Gary. "And when the take was good the dog would simply keep silent. We called him our dramatic critic."

ANN HARDING has gone on a trip to the Orient to rest and regain her lost health. She has had more than her share of hard luck lately, what with bad health, and her fight for the entire custody of her little daughter Jane.

FRANCIS LEDERER and Mary Anita Loos are still nuts about each other, and Steffi Duna is still carrying the torch. Anita Loos is the niece of the famous writer of the same name.

Reviews [*Continued from page* 55]

MURDER ON A HONEYOON

Rating 54°—THIS MURDER WON'T GIVE YOU THE WILLIES—*RKO*

THE particular brand of comedy, death and excitement which punctuates the Edna May Oliver-James Gleason pictures is entertainingly pieced together in their latest effort—"Murder on a Honeymoon."

It is directed with speed and played with enthusiasm by the entire cast. The story concerns the murder in an airplane of a man who later turns out to have been an important witness in a New York Grand Jury case. Lola Lane, Chick Chandler, Harry Ellerbe, Matt McHugh, Morgan Wallace and Brooks Benedict are all, at one time or another, under suspicion.

The story is not always logical but it manages to be amusing at all times and the stars turn in capital performances.

THE NUT FARM

Rating: 50°—THE TITLE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT—*Monogram*

ONCE again Hollywood is given the chance to take some effete Easterners for the well-known ride. With $50,000 in his jeans and the urge to buy a nut farm in California, Oscar Apfel and his wife, Betty Alden, pay a surprise visit to Betty's mother and brother who make Hollywood their home. Wallace Ford, the brother, is a so-so assistant director—when he gets a job—and spends half his day hanging on the 'phone waiting for "good news."

Betty gets smitten with the movie bug also and eventually induces Oscar to sink his entire fortune in a film, of the "Sheik" variety, directed by Wallace, sponsored by some of the slickest crooks in the business, and with Betty playing the star. The film gets laughed off the screen at the preview, but Wallace, furious that his sister and brother-in-law have been played for suckers pulls a fast one and sells his film to a comedy firm for an excellent profit. A sort of cheating cheaters idea that, in spite of its hoariness, hands you a number of laughs. And the cast, throughout, is uniformly good.

WINGS IN THE DARK

Rating: 58°—MYRNA AND CARY GO UP IN THE AIR—*Paramount*

THE plot concerns itself with the efforts of a well-known pilot (Cary Grant) to perfect instruments that will permit of blind flying.

He is on the point of taking off for a trans-Atlantic flight when an explosion blinds him. He continues his experiments, and at the same time writes articles which are never published, but which are purchased by Myrna Loy, a fellow-aviatrix who makes her living doing hazardous stunt-flying. You may have guessed they are in love with each other.

When the *denouement* comes and Cary finds out he has been hoaxed, he's through. So Myrna hops off from Moscow on a non-stop flight to New York—and $25,000. She makes the flight, of course, but when she's over Roosevelt Field the fog is so dense she cannot land. Her gas supply is running low. Cary, still blind, goes up in his plane with its automatic controls and brings her down safely. He intends going back up again and committing suicide, but the minute the planes touch the ground Myrna purposely runs into him and wrecks his plane so he cannot go up again. The shock restores his sight.

Anyhow, Cary turns in the best performance of his career, Myrna is all that could be asked and then some and Roscoe Karns, as her manager, is right on a par with the stars.

The "Night Spots" "The Troc"

[*Continued from page* 27]

Lombard met Bob Riskin and discovered that he could dance as well as he could write, and when Carole isn't working those two can be found there almost any yawning dishing out a mean rumba between plates of ham and eggs. The tango prize goes to Cesar Romero and Sally Blane, who can toss off as neat a tango as you've ever seen. And while we're giving out prizes one should go to those two most constant stay-up-lates in Hollywood, the Clarence Browns (Alice Joyce). They invariably close the jernt. Clarence doesn't drink and he doesn't smoke, so you could hardly call him a reveler, he simply gets his relaxation watching people have fun. The every night dancing sweepstakes are won—but consistently—by Louis B. Mayer, who is the dancingest producer in Hollywood.

The Troc's most famous, and charming, habituée is none other than la belle Dietrich, who used to be one of Hollywood's best recluses, for the very good reason, she told me once, that there was no place to go. But the Trocadero brings out the continental in Marlene and most any old night will find her there, but beautifully gowned, and dancing and chatting and having a grand time. One week she established some kind of a record by appearing each night with a different escort, including Fritz Lang, Rouben Mamoulian, Felix Rollo, Travis Banton, Cesar Romero, and her husband. Marlene gets a tremendous kick out of dancing, and is a dream to behold on the dance floor. I'd let my soup get cold any time just to watch her.

Of course *the* night of all nights at the Trocadero (you knew I'd get to that sooner or later, didn't you just) was the night Garbo suddenly appeared. Garbo hasn't appeared at a night club in Hollywood since the famous Garbo-Gilbert romance, which must have been seven years ago (of course I don't remember it as I was a mere child on my nurse's knee then), and when she suddenly stepped out, well, I may say there was a bit of flutter about it all.

Phil Ohman and his orchestra were playing, Dietrich was dancing, Lupe and Johnny were scrapping, and everything was as usual when all at once there was a stir of great excitement, an electric thrill, and a startled Gene showed Miss Garbo and party to a table right next to the battling Weissmullers and very close to Dietrich and Fritz Lang.

With Garbo were Max Reinhardt, noted producer, Natalie Paley, daughter of Grand Duke Paul, Gottfried Reinhardt, Max's boy, Felix Rollo, and Sulka Viertel. There was a frozen silence as the party seated themselves, with everybody politely ogling and wondering what Garbo would do. Phil Ohman, who always rises to the occasion, began to play Swedish folk songs, Garbo smiled and sipped her champagne. The thaw set in.

For her début in Hollywood's night life Garbo chose to wear her usual gray tailored suit with tight fitting black beret. She arrived at ten-thirty and stayed until two-thirty, which was doing right well for a girl who never gets out nights, and she never once seemed bored, but on the contrary was quite pleased with everything and everybody. A few people came over to speak to her and Walter Wanger, the producer, asked her to dance. "Thank you, no," Garbo said. "This is all so new to me. Next time." Next time, eh? Does that mean that Greta is going to make a *habit* of dropping in at the Trocadero for a night cap?

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Nestle SCIENTIFIC PERMANENT WAVE

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

W. C. Fields, the Round-the-World Flier Wiley Post, and Will Rogers at the premiere of "David Copperfield."

The More We Talk About The Famous, The More Famous They Are.

CESAR ROMERO (who they say is a sensation in "The Devil Is A Woman," as Dietrich's leading man) is now Hollywood's favorite man-about-town and can be found in all the late spots, usually with Sally Blane.

MYRNA LOY cannot stand the feeling of wool, so when she has to wear a woolen dress in a picture she has it lined with silk.

AND Jean Harlow never wears a pair of gloves until they have first been cleaned to take the stiffness out of them.

FRANCHOT TONE'S new coupe, a present from Joan Crawford, is so long that he has to pay double rate at parking stations. Now that's something.

WELL, they do say that Paul Cavanagh and Mae West don't have to see each other quite so often just to rehearse for "How'm I Doin'?" And they do say it's a romance, a hot romance.

[*Continued from page* 17]

Alan has just completed the designing of a a tiny pair of spectacles, with goggle-strappings, so "Frankie" won't have to go through life seeing stars.

SALLY EILERS is one Hollywood screen star mother who doesn't mind having her baby photographed. "I want everyone to see how swell he is," says Sally proudly.

TULLIO CARMINATI made a record for himself during the week that the Ballet Russe was in town. He not only attended every single night, but also had a beautiful young lady with him at every performance.

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY is the type of young man who takes his Art seriously and worries a lot over make-up. Since he has thirteen changes of make-up, due to the number of years covered in "Merrily We Roll Along," Douglass has been experimenting with grease-paint during the rehearsals of the play, and has worried quite a bit. One day he hurried into a restaurant near the theatre for a quick bite of lunch. Upon being recognized by two girls, he heard one of them whisper to the other, "Say, they sure get away with murder in pictures, don't they? That bird looks forty if he looks a day, but he does look sort of deep and distinguished, doesn't he?"

Douglass has felt much better about his make-up ever since. It was that "deep and distinguished" look he was trying to perfect.

A GIRL with chamelon eyes is something new even in Hollywood. We're talking about Frances Dee, who caused a commotion on the set of the new all-color film, "Becky Sharp," when it was discovered that her eyes change color and reflect the shade of the dress she wears. It was all right for Frances to change her mind, her dress, or the color of her eyes, until her optics began to act up on the technicolor picture set, and start ruining film. But the camera man worked it out with a change of lights and now Frances has to make her eyes behave.

ADRIENNE AMES has returned to Hollywood from her recent European trek but she says she is still sold on American fashions. She travelled in France, Italy, Switzerland and a number of other countries during her visit on the Continent and saw many attractive gowns, but Hollywood fashions, she claims, are the most attractive to her.

Wide World

Bing Crosby and Al Jolson, at the new Santa Anita Track, as loyal performers play their favorites to "show."

KATHARINE HEPBURN and her agent, Leland Heyward, are still in the throes of love. Where Katie goes Leland goes, and vice versa.

SEVERAL children sent in their autograph books for Billie Burke to sign when she was appearing at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood, not long ago, in a special engagement of "Her Master's Voice." One little girl had written, "My mother says you have freckles and don't mind. Is this true?"

Billie Burke wrote back: "Yes, I have freckles and don't mind a bit. I am sure God knows what suits each person best, so if he happens to send us freckles, we mustn't mind."

ANOTHER young man who has "gone West" is Monroe Owsley, the last of the "tall, dark and handsomes" in Mae West's celluloid life. Monroe, a swell young actor who hasn't been around enough lately, plays Mae's husband in "How'm I Doin'?"—her current picture.

ONE of Hollywood's most charming friendships is that of little Cora Sue Collins and May Robson. One day at the Metro studio Cora Sue, who will be seven on April 19th, discovered that she and Mrs. Robson had birthdays on the same day of the month and right away a big friendship was established.

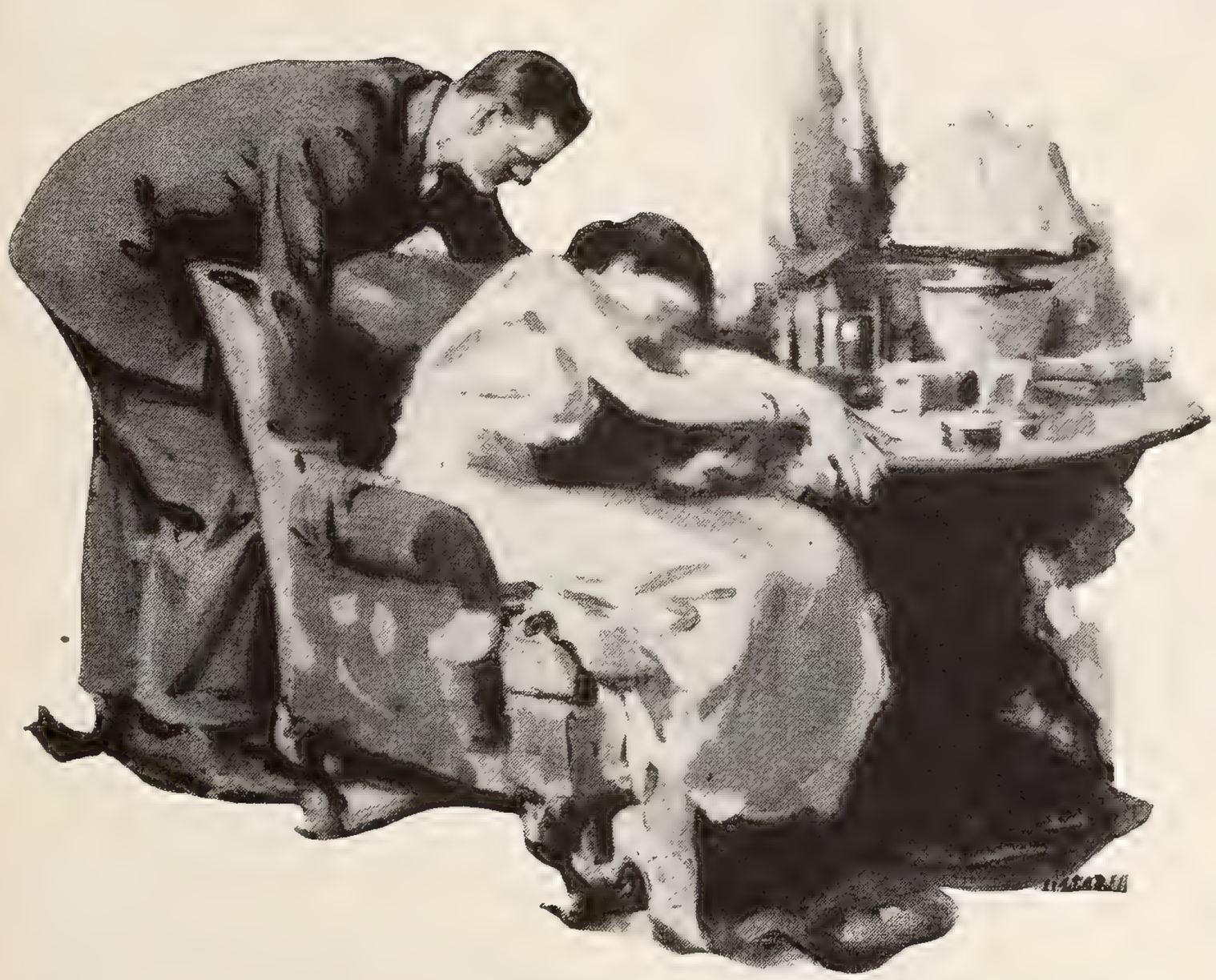
Wide World

Clark Gable is on location at Mount Baker, making "The Call of the Wild."

ANNA STEN, who already has chickens, a goat and five dogs in her modernistic Santa Monica home, has just acquired a beautiful Angora cat through a very tragic accident. Near her home is a steep hill and one morning she found the cat, badly battered, whining outside her window. It had lived through a terrific auto crash, down the side of the hill, in which its mistress was killed. The dead woman's family asked the star to keep the cat, which she was only too delighted to do.

"She was afraid to be Happy"

A TRAGEDY OF MARRIED LIFE SO EASY TO AVOID



"Her young husband, poor chap, was completely bewildered, worried and unhappy."

BY DR. ENCARNACIÓN TUCA
Leading Gynecologist of Barcelona

"As a girl", writes Dr. Tuca, "she was so vibrant, so lovely, so alive. Then the right man came along and brought her romance, courtship and marriage. A few brief months of utter bliss followed, then . . . tragedy.

"She seemed to lose her loveliness overnight. Her face became worn and almost haggard. She was nervous, irritable, depressed. Her young husband, poor chap, was completely bewildered, worried and unhappy. And, though they were truly in love with each other, the stage was all set for one of those tragic and utterly needless marriage smash-ups.

"But, happily, she came to me for advice . . . came and told me all the old familiar symptoms. Her tortured nerves. Her worries. Her fears. And finally, as I knew she would, she confessed that she was 'afraid to be happy'.

"Her trouble, I told her, was so simple that it could be remedied with just two words . . . use *"Lysol"*. I explained to her how her fears were poisoning her health and happiness. And how quickly those fears could be removed, if only she would regularly employ "Lysol" for marriage hygiene.

"I explained that "Lysol" is so reliable and *gentle* that it is used in that most delicate of all operations . . . childbirth. I explained that "Lysol" for feminine hygiene has had the confidence of millions of women for generations, as well as the approval of leading doctors and hospitals throughout the world.

"She took my advice, and, today it would warm your heart to see the happiness of this young couple.

"If I could only give the same sound advice to every young married woman, I am convinced most marriages would be happier and more successful."

(*Signed*)
DR. ENCARNACIÓN TUCA

Correct marriage hygiene is vital to your own happiness. That is why we suggest that you consider with thoughtfulness the 6 Features of "Lysol", listed below. They are the reasons why many modern hospitals and clinics, competent nurses and leading doctors recommend, as they have for almost 50 years, "Lysol" . . . for feminine hygiene.

The 6 "Lysol" Features

1. SAFETY . . . "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no free caustic alkali to harm the delicate feminine tissues.

2. EFFECTIVENESS . . . "Lysol" is a *true* germicide, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions . . . in the body (in the presence of organic matter) and not just in test tubes.

3. PENETRATION . . . "Lysol", because of its low surface tension, spreads into hidden folds of the skin, *actually searches out* germs.

4. ECONOMY . . . "Lysol", because it is a concentrated antiseptic, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR . . . The odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use, leaving one both fresh and refreshed.

6. STABILITY . . . "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how much it is exposed.

Throughout your home . . . fight germs with "Lysol"

You can't see the millions of germs that threaten your family, but you must fight those invisible foes through disinfection. Use "Lysol" to disinfect handkerchiefs, towels, telephone mouthpiece, door knobs, laundry, and bath room.

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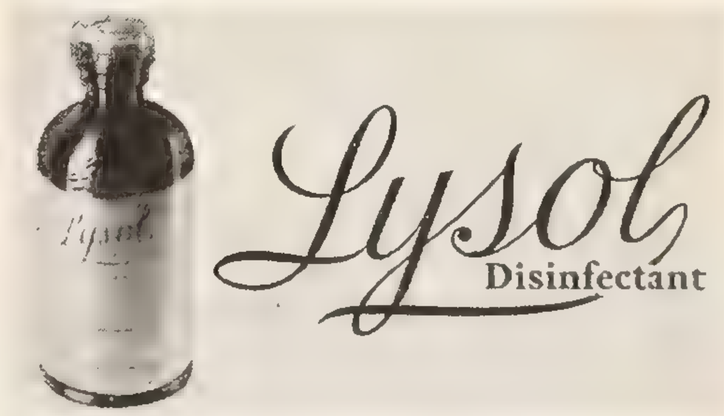
Lysol Hygienic Soap . . . Use this new hygienic toilet soap for hands, complexion, bath. A fine firm white soap, with the added cleansing and deodorant properties of "Lysol".



FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Mail coupon for a free copy of "Marriage Hygiene." Check other booklets if desired. ☐ "Preparation for Motherhood." ☐ "Keeping a Healthy Home."

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Bouquet Lenthéric

THE DAYTIME FRAGRANCE

Quiet, but with a strange persistence

©1935 Lenthéric

"Juggler of Laughs"

[Continued from page 31]

the call until he had won honors for nine seasons as top liner in the Ziegfeld Follies and other stage successes.

"When I first came to Hollywood," drawled Bill, "I thought I had landed in Heaven. They told me my days of worry and toil were over, that specialists would write my stories and dialogue and for me to run along now and play golf and when the party was ready they'd call me in to make a few faces before the camera and recite the lines they had written.

"I tried it and in six months was out of a job. After making a few two-reelers came 'International House,' and the studio suddenly decided I might do after all. But I'd learned my lesson. I wouldn't sign a contract until I was allowed to help with my own stories and dialogue as I had always done on the stage. Whatever my comedy is it is my own and, evidently, it can't be sifted through the medium of another one's thought."

So don't be fooled when you see that a certain Charles Whoosis is given screen credit for the story and dialogue of the Fields pictures, for Whoosis is none other than the actor himself. He's a story teller, not a wise-cracking comedian and he still employs much pantomime, knowing that actions are often more illuminating than a raft of words. But Bill doesn't hoard his merriment for his pictures, he scatters it freely and is one of the most popular and loved men around the studio.

"I like the screen, especially," he added, with a grin, "when I have a *Micawber* rôle to do. Funny, but all my life 'David Copperfield' has been a favorite book and I've laughed my fool head off over Micawber many times, never dreaming I'd ever bring him to life. It is such coincidences that make acting a thrilling game.

"Yes, I like making pictures and it is no more heartbreaking than any other phase of this profession. Too, it gives me a chance to settle down, I'm tired of traveling around. I'm crazy about the sunshine, I like to play golf the year around and I enjoy beautiful scenery. Here's the secret. I moved to a ranch in Encino, in the foothills back of Hollywood, just so I could see the sun set over the ocean and watch the cloud effects and rolling valleys on every side. God, it's a sweeping canvas of breath-taking beauty!

"A Finnish couple takes care of my house. Thomas is my chauffeur, and I'm one of those detestable back-seat drivers but I never, never kick about his wife's cooking. So, life is pretty sweet for me and I'm very contented."

During our long chat there were just two subjects he wouldn't discuss; his age and his marriage.

Well, birthdays will never dim the Fields' humor, he can go on indefinitely cheering up the world's tempo. About his marriage, all I know is that it happened a long time ago and was but a brief interlude.

Perhaps that's the tear on which he has built his laugh-kingdom!

The Girl From Fargo

[Continued from page 56]

The other half Virginia used for living expenses. She didn't tell me this, but I know that first cold winter in New York she needed a warm winter coat and she went without it because she didn't have its cost. A friend gave her a coat for Christmas, and a pretty swell Christmas present it was.

Now, don't mistake me. Virginia wasn't going around like a half-starved waif, thin and threadbare. No, she kept up a brave front, looked as smart and as chic as she could on her slim salary and told no one of what was going on in her heart and mind.

The New York season ended and she came back to California to get a small contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This was in 1932, and on the lot, in a picture, she met that most famous of all silent screen lovers, John Gilbert. Met and loved him with a love that was to grow deeper and more devastating during the two years she was married to him. I think she still loves him, although he refuses to see her and sent back, unopened, her Christmas presents, one of which was a picture of his baby. But, I'll skip the story of that marriage which ended disastrously for her, as all Jack's marriages have ended for the women who loved and married him.

The marriage is only interesting in any story of Virginia in its relation to her life and its effects upon her as an individual. First, emotionally, and second, in the new doors it opened for her.

Emotionally, Virginia suddenly grew up. "I was always rather phlegmatic," she told me one day last summer. "I don't think I knew what real feeling meant—as far as anything emotional went. I don't see how I ever could have become an actress in those old days. I wasn't awake and alive to what was going on. Suffering—and you always suffer when you love—does something to your insides. I couldn't have acted before. Now, I KNOW I can act."

Gilbert took her into the center of everything that was important in Hollywood. She met the finest minds, the greatest artists, the most important people of the film colony. She met men and women who knew about great literature, who wrote beautifully, she met painters and decorators and great actors. John moved in a circle that included the Donald Ogden Stewarts, the Cedric Gibbons', Ronald Colman, the Richard Barthelmesses and others. She met poised, gracious women who had made a fine art of being charming hostesses. As mistress of the John Gilbert home, she, too, became a beloved hostess.

At first, she was stage struck. More so than when she first faced a camera. She was scared. It was hard work for a twenty-year-old girl with her Dakota background, substantial at it was, suddenly to become head of a mansion, with a corps of servants, and to manage things correctly and easily. "I'll never," she said with a wry smile, "forget the first day we entertained and I had to plan the *hors d'œuvres*. I hardly knew what they were."

But she was spunky. She saw her job through and well, as witness the friends she made through Jack are still her friends and she continues to see them and go places with them. But the inevitable break with Jack came and Virginia gathered up her blue-eyed baby, Susan Ann, and went back home to the little house in Toluca Lake which she had built and furnished for her mother and father. Then she pulled herself together and went back to Metro and started upon the job of really being an actress.

In "The Mighty Barnum" you catch the first glimpse of the beauty that is hers and her potentialities. She quite takes

you off your feet in some of those scenes as Jenny Lind.

She tells you quite frankly that she did not herself sing in "The Mighty Barnum." The operatic arias were sung by Frances White, a trained operatic singer, and recorded and doubled into the picture.

"I have a little voice and I can carry a tune," she told me, "but I never could sing opera as Jenny Lind was supposed to have sung it. It would have been ridiculous for me to have tried. They took records of Miss White's singing. I took these home and played them over and over again, singing right along with her and timing each note and each breath to the record. I practiced for days until I was letter perfect. Then they shot the picture and I actually did sing only they didn't use my voice."

She also says quite frankly that never before has she been photographed as well as in this picture. "I really looked beautiful and I'm not beautiful," she told me candidly. "My profile is frightful—see."

Whether she thinks her profile is imperfect or not, plenty of Hollywood young men think it is okay, judging from the way they try to date her up. Virginia can have all the beaus she wants. There was a young New York millionaire very much in the picture for a while. Edmund Lowe has been giving her quite a rush. Dick Powell has dated her. But she doesn't care much about any of them. "It's pretty hard to find a man to follow Jack," she said with a sly grimace. "He was like no one else could be."

Mostly she goes with Ralph Jester, an art director for DeMille, a tall, sandy-haired fellow with a sharp nose, glasses and a professorial air. He is a great friend rather than an ardent suitor and I imagine Virginia finds him more than unusually interesting because of his knowledge of the arts. For she has developed a passion for good line and design. She is and has been very much interested in interior decoration.

The rooms she added to her mother's home when she moved home to Toluca Lake are an example of her taste. Her own room, particularly, is a lovely blue and peach affair, with the walls papered in a delicate, faintly figured blue wall paper. There is a coarsely woven white rug upon the floor, a big studio bed with a white cover and big comfortable pillows. The window curtains are a soft brown, almost peach. There is a mirrored dressing table and there are white chairs with blue cushions.

Her studio dressing room, a tiny affair in the center of Dressing Room Row, right next door to that occupied by Constance Collier, is done cleverly in blue and white. Blue is her favorite color. Which somehow seems right, for blue is a brave color and Virginia has shown fine courage through her rise to glamour in Hollywood.

The first time I saw her in Hollywood, since I had seen her in Fargo years before, she received me in a long, clinging blue tea gown. It made a perfect frame for her blonde beauty. If I had seen the gown on any other motion picture person, I don't suppose I would have given it a second thought. But to see Virginia Briggs, I mean Bruce, of Fargo suddenly grown out of her middies and round-collared little dresses into tea gowns—well, it seemed incongruous.

Then I started thinking. Why shouldn't she be as glamorous and as beautiful and as luxuriously garbed as she wanted? For here is a youngster who has fought her way up honestly and unselfishly, who has not only achieved certain things but has grown in herself along the way. She deserves anything she can get in the way of breaks in pictures and I have a hunch she will get many of them.

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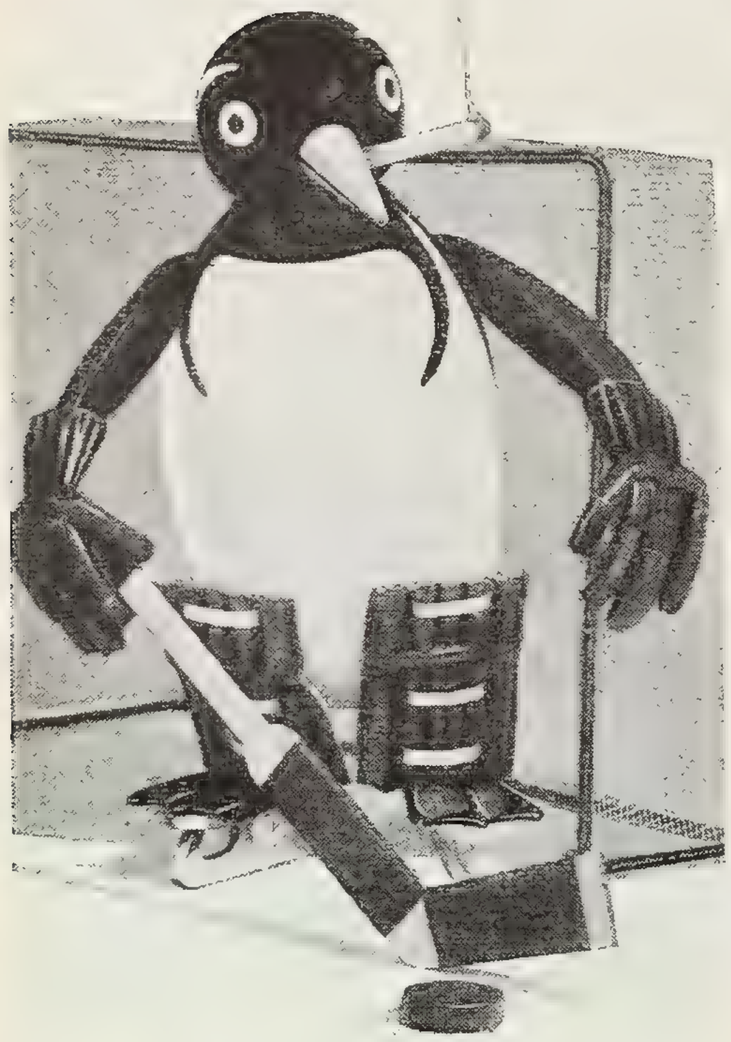

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Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Cortez at the football game between the New York Giants and the Chicago Bears, in Los Angeles.

Beal

[*Continued from page* 24]

and couldn't work for a month. He sits down and starts to draw whenever he sees anything that happens to catch his fancy. The only person he has never been able to get on paper is Katharine Hepburn. She won't hold still long enough. For amusement he plays the piano and sings. He has made several records. Recently he invented a method whereby piano playing can be learned by color instead of note. He wants to have it copyrighted and teach. But he humorously predicts that his first pupil will probably be color blind.

When John has work to do, his sense of humor completely leaves him. He locks himself in and refuses to answer his phone. He acts all his rôles out before the mirror to get an idea how he will look. But when it is time for playing, he outplays everyone else. His talent for impersonations is marvelous. When he saw Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage," he did a take-off on her cockney accent that was priceless. He's been perfecting his impersonation on Stepin Fetchit and tries it out on the ebony door man of his Hollywood apartment building.

John is humble in his appreciation for his fellow artists. His modesty about himself is overwhelming and his subconscious ego is quite amusing. When he tested for the rôle opposite Irene Dunne in "Age of Innocence," he did his level best. But John Boles, being more the type, won out. Later on John Beal was telling of the experience.

"I certainly did make a wonderful test," he said simply. "I wasn't a bit nervous and I know I did my best." There's no protection in the world against the sincere charm that will allow a person to make a remark like this and get away with it.

Besides being terribly ambitious, overly enthusiastic and very sincere, John has one other outstanding characteristic. Every morning he exercises in front of his open window. In his hands he holds a book of instructions on "How To Develop a Johnny Weissmuller Torso In Ten Easy Lessons."

The Major's Daughter

[*Continued from page* 25]

penciling on her brows. Why, actually, the only cosmetic she uses off-screen is lipstick. Which she doesn't gob on.

Her dark brown hair undergoes none of the customary star rigamarole. No tiresome trips to the beauty parlor for Maureen. The luck o' the Irish! No permanent wave, no hours sitting under dryers. All she has to do to produce rippling ringlets is run a wet comb back through her locks. I think she does this often, for I always detect a sparkling mistiness to her hair.

There was nothing to improve about her figure. She has that delightfully youthful poise which comes from living outdoors as much as possible. No pounding by masseurs or sticking to banana and skimmed milk diets. I told you—*lucky!*

This particular day we lunched she was wearing a plain tan sweater with a tailored skirt. A linen collar with an Ascot scarf and sport brogues completed her costume. Her clothes are the one thing about which she distinctly isn't moody. Before Borzage came across her she'd spent a year in a Parisian finishing school, and she landed here with an expert knowledge of what is apropos for her type. She sticks to simple lines and I've never caught her cluttered up with bizarre, Adrianish bows. Or even in those slacks which some girls can't resist.

Now, it seems to me that a young woman who can decorate a tree-top as Tarzan's dream damsel, and then can put the thrill of life into the Barretts' stuffy drawing room, is quite a remarkable person. And so this Maureen is. That was no flash-in-the-pan versatility, either. She had just finished acting in two more equally different pictures when this tete-a-tete took place.

As dear, helpless *Dora* in "David Copperfield" she had been too adorably dumb. You know *Dora* and how the poor thing got a headache when she ventured to try adding up the household expenses. Maureen detests adding, but that's not because she's dumb.

At the same time she had been playing a delectably modern colonel's daughter in "West Point of the Air." That rôle was

a cinch. In real life her own father is a major in the British army. So she toiled as *Dora* and took it easy as Robert Young's sweetheart in the air epic.

I reminded her, noticing what a gay state of mind she was in, that she wasn't always so bubbling over. A couple of weeks before we'd had a luncheon date and when I got to the studio I was informed that the director wouldn't let Maureen out.

They were filming *Dora's* death scene. Maureen, surfeited with discreet Victorian draperies, had been propped up all morning on her death-bed. The trouble had been in getting her into a properly sad mood. She'd felt so healthy and cheery that day. It took George Cukor forty-five minutes to lure her into the Copperfield blues. And since there were more shots to be made on the scene in the afternoon he was taking no chances of my pepping up his wistful *Dora*. As if I could have! I'll bet she was magnificently gloomy for days after.

This is the ever-stimulating attraction Maureen possesses. She's intense. She feels with every bit of emotion in her.

At school she used to insist on having her own way, with dire effects when she and her teacher disagreed. In Hollywood, when she's assigned a part she doesn't want to play, she is inclined to follow a procedure which has true finesse. Rather than fuss endlessly, she becomes "ill." First thing the studio knows she is in a hospital. Naturally they can't put her in the rôle when she's sick. Well, anyway, that's what a little bird tells me!

She's a very obliging person, but she doesn't apple-polish. There isn't a gush in her. To me this modest reserve indicates her good breeding. When she talks you aren't left up in the air. Her sentences carry a ring of finality. Not that she's the least arrogant. But she doesn't mumble or sound as though she has a "maybe" mind.

What I consider most admirable in Maureen is the capacity she has for sorting out the superficial things which intrude upon the average person. She is concerned only with what matters to her. There's no waste motion, mentally or physically.

For instance, Maureen's in love. (An elegant square-cut diamond decorates her engagement finger.) She's too preoccupied, consequently, with her work and her fiance to seek the ordinary devices for whiling away time. What the eventual outcome will be of her long-standing romance with Johnny Farrow, dashing author-scenarist, remains in the lap of the Gods.

Before she came to Hollywood Maureen was a minx. She had stacks of admirers and didn't give a second, or at least a third, thought to any of them. She met Johnny Farrow shortly after settling down here as an actress. They've had their quarrels, but she's convinced that he Mr. Right. The unfortunate hitch has been that they both are deeply religious and their church forbids divorce and re-marriage. Johnny was married in his pre-Hollywood era. He's got a divorce and they're waiting for a special dispensation.

Maureen's moved into a house in Beverly, which proves conclusively that a girl can succeed without being a standardized Hollywood siren or a sappy sweet thing. She's been delivering such surprisingly fine performances that she's fated for even better breaks.

The only spectre that haunts her nights is the rumor that she's to be Tarzan's dream damsel in another wild thriller with Johnny Weissmuller. Maureen says he's an impressive hero, but those animal pictures are darn hard on a gal, what with tripping around with monkeys and heaven knows what all. The leopard skins are drafty. And she doesn't want to achieve immortality as the girl on the flying chimpanzees.

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Wide World

At the race track at Santa Anita—Connie Bennett, Robert Montgomery and Mrs. Clark Gable.

Symbols of Success—

[*Continued from page* 53]

spent quite a lot of time and money on his home. Having completed it, he signed a contract the other day with Universal for three consecutive pictures. So he rented a second, very small dwelling near the studio where he can stay when he is working.

Ruth Chatterton used to rent an apartment in Hollywood when she was on a picture . . . although she had a house in Beverly and one at Malibu. Later she acquired a bungalow on the Warner Brothers' lot and spent all her time there when she was in production.

There is a bungalow court on a certain street in Hollywood in which every little cottage is the hide-out of an important star. The names on the cryptic little cards over each door say "Mr. Thorne" or "Mr. White" or "Miss Smith." No one could possibly guess that these are the hide-aways of some of the most famous people in the world.

When they achieve stardom they acquire the bungalow-on-the-lot. Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Constance Bennett, Richard Barthelmess, Irene Dunne, Richard Dix and a number of other important players have little homes within the studio gates equipped with living rooms, bedrooms, offices, well-stocked libraries, dining rooms, kitchens . . . sufficiently commodious to entertain sizeable collections of guests at dinner.

Stardom brings additional necessities. A house and a hide-out will not suffice now! You must have a vacation spot of your own . . . a place in which you can get still farther away from it all and in which you may entertain lots of guests who are assisting you in your flight. A house at Malibu used to be the answer to this problem . . . a yacht, a ranch or a little fourteen-room shack in the mountains with a staff of well-trained servants to assist you in being primitive. Wallie Beery bought himself an island in the middle of a mountain lake in the wilderness somewhere. It can be reached only by airplane . . . so Wallie is fairly safe from interruption, while relaxing.

The portable dressing room which is wheeled onto the set is the perquisite of an important star . . . and no star (especially the feminine ones!) would be seen without one. Most of the men have them too, these days. Of all the ones I have seen I like W. C. Fields' the best. This is a trailer which can be attached to his car. Each morning when he is working, he arises, scoots to the trailer, goes back to bed and to sleep. He slumbers peacefully while he is being trundled to the studio, sits up, has coffee and toast, dictates into his dictaphone his domestic orders for the day. His chauffeur transports the records to the staff at home . . . and Mr. Fields' orders are duly carried out. (We hope.)

A play room (that means a red-and-black lacquer bar with adjuncts for games) is a necessity when an actor has achieved stardom. He *must* have a swimming pool even if the smell of water frightens him into nervous chills. He should collect something . . . first editions (as Jean Hersholt does), or carved porcelain hands (as Lilyan Tashman did), or dolls (as Colleen Moore used to do).

It is reaching a point where a successful actor must either play polo (like Bob Montgomery, Leslie Howard, Will Rogers, Ralph Forbes . . . well, Jack Holt used to play it but has given it up in favor of his son because it is too expensive, he says, for two men in the same family to indulge in this game!) or the actor must own a race horse.

Clark Gable owns a race horse, as does Mae West, and Constance Bennett recently acquired one. It is becoming an important adjunct.

Stardom frequently brings about the acquisition of the secretary-companion-mentor. Gary Cooper's Jack Moss, Evelyn Venable's Mrs. Gardner, George Raft's "Mac the Killer," Carole Lombard's Madalyn Fields. These people order the groceries, fire the cook, assist with the income tax and scold the star for staying up too late. Valuable adjuncts they are! And they earn every cent (it seems to me) that they collect.

They are hard working symbols indeed. However, the fans overlook these ostentatious gestures. The stars are well loved and it pleases the public to have its darlings glittering with jewels and envied by all beholders.

"What, No Cinderella?"

[*Continued from page* 28]

In turn, any young business woman or wife can understand Connie Bennett. Many stories have been written and told about Connie's obstinacy, her stand-offishness, her cool aloofness. Probably these stories were written or told by men—or by women—who did not have the intelligence to understand. Connie is working to hold her place as one of the biggest stars of the screen and to progress to greater success, just as Mary Brown, in the coat and suit department, is struggling for the highest sales record with the goal of chief buyer ever before her. Neither Constance Bennett nor Mary Brown has time for unnecessary, trivial things.

For two years Connie refused to talk about clothes, when all her feminine audiences were curious to know the details of the famous Bennett wardrobe. That refusal earned her the reputation of being obstinately aloof. If she had explained her silence, any woman would have understood. The explanation is simple. Several stories were written by probably well-meaning, but certainly misinformed writers, describing the ridiculously large sums of money which Connie spent for gowns and furs and jewels. She was reported to be squandering a small fortune yearly, in times of depression, when the average woman was finding it hard to buy even one inexpensive dress.

Connie was terribly upset by these stories. Understanding women as she does, she knew what the average feminine reaction would be. Resentment, of course, bitter resentment that *she* should have so many unnecessary luxuries when thousands were starving. But Connie had no comeback. To deny the stories would only make them more important. She did the only thing she could do, firmly refused to talk on the subject.

That Bennett girl has a will of her own. So have all successful women. She has only two ambitions, to progress in her profession and to find her share of happiness. She is a child of the theatre. It has been a vital part of her life since babyhood. Yet she has never stepped foot on a stage and she has no desire to do so. She has chosen motion pictures as her work and she casts no longing eyes into other fields. She insists that her private life belongs to her and that she be given the right to pursue happiness in her own way.

Connie doesn't ask things of life. She goes out and fights for them. So do all women who find high places in the world.

"Every woman knows that wishy-washiness brings only defeat," Connie smiled. "We all admire and respect the girl who makes up her mind what she wants and then goes after it. The snivelers, the self-pitiers, usually find themselves without what they want or with a shabby substitute for it.

"I have never actually worked at anything except motion pictures. But I have many friends and acquaintances who are business women. I have known successes and failures and liked both. And, in the final analysis, I have discovered that we all have the same questions to answer, the same decisions to make."

As Connie talked, I remembered the old story about the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady, who were sisters under the skin. And I realized why Constance Bennett, one of the few real Colonel's Ladies of the screen, could have an infinite understanding and sympathy for the world's Judy O'Gradys, could think their thoughts, live their lives and suffer their griefs so poignantly on the screen.

She knows that their joys and sorrows are exactly like her own. The only difference is in the setting of the stage.

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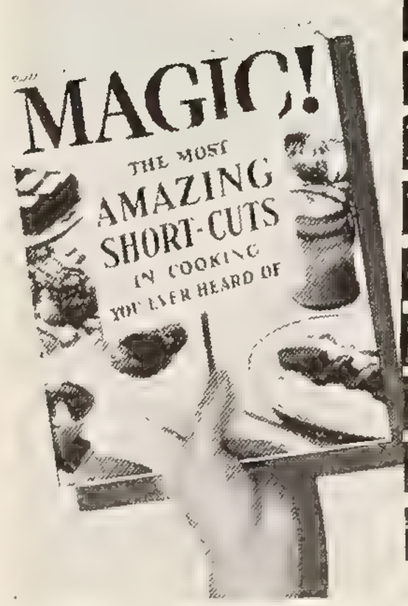

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"Hollywood—A Flop Without Broadway"

[*Continued from page* 23]

Broadway stages. How would you feel, if you were an old-line actress on the Coast, a "name" from the silent days, if these five suddenly crowded in on you? Do you think you'd relish it? No, and neither does Hollywood.

Suppose you were a girl comedienne from the "silent" pictures and you had built up quite a name in your field. Overnight, from Broadway stages would come Edna May Oliver, Mary Boland, Alice Brady, Billie Burke, Gracie Allen, Eva Sully, Patsy Kelly, Lyda Roberti and Miriam Hopkins to challenge your fitness for leading rôles. Do you think that you'd like it? No, and the Coast doesn't like it either, quite naturally, because each of the Broadway invaders is hitting directly at some star's livelihood.

When George M. Cohan, the No. 1 actor of America, went to Hollywood, it didn't surprise any of us on Broadway to learn that the minor intellects of the picture industry had sent an office-boy to relay their orders to him. Their inferiority complex had set up what the psycho-analysts call a "defense mechanism." This rudeness was their way of telling him that his reputation on Broadway didn't faze them.

Just how greatly Hollywood depends upon Broadway is made clearer by a list I have prepared, a list of 135 stars and featured screen players who have been graduated from Broadway stages. Withdraw these 135 Broadway-trained performers, and the moving picture industry would be so crippled that it would inevitably collapse from stagnation. Even now, with Broadwayites bolstering every major company, production of pictures lags far behind the demand for them.

This brings us to another vital point, and one that never has been mentioned in connection with this oft-argued controversy of east vs west. In Hollywood, where production costs are staggering contributions to overhead expense, speed is all-important. Coast directors tell me that stage performers, accustomed to memorizing long parts in legitimate shows, have absolutely revolutionized the business. They learn their talking picture rôles quickly, speeding up the productions and permitting directors to complete pictures a week and two weeks ahead of shooting schedules. For that vitally consequential reason—speed—the Broadway-trained actor and actress is in increasing demand.

Let's find out how deeply Hollywood is indebted to Broadway for performers. A few paragraphs north of here, I've listed some actresses from the New York stage who clicked in pictures. I'll now name some Broadway actors: Paul Muni, W. C. Fields, Will Rogers, Leslie Howard, James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Fred Astaire, Eddie Cantor, Lawrence Tibbett, Bert Wheeler, Jimmy Durante, Joe E. Brown, Herbert Marshall. Could Hollywood spare them?

That only scrapes the surface. From the Broadway stage came also John and Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone, Lionel Atwill, Cary Grant, Douglass Montgomery, Charles Ruggles, Charles Butterworth, George Arliss, Otto Kruger, Walter Connolly, Frank Morgan and Ralph Morgan, Alfred Lunt, Roland Young, Lee Tracy and Warren William.

The women, in addition to Mae West, Katharine Hepburn and the others I've listed above, would include these Broadwayfarers: the late Marie Dressler, Aline McMahon, Ruby Keeler, Pauline Lord, Ina Claire, Barbara Stanwyck, Sylvia Sidney, Alison Skipworth, Jeanette MacDonald, Verce Teasdale, Evelyn Laye, Helen Morgan, Joan Blondell, Ethel Merman, Ruth Etting, Constance Cummings, Fay Wray, Irene Dunne, Diana Wynyard, Ruth Chatterton, Tallulah Bankhead, Mady Christians, Elissa Landi, and last, but assuredly not least, Grace Moore.

Clark Gable, commonly considered a picture product, is Broadway-trained, and it was his stage performance of "Killer" Mears in "The Last Mile" road company that won him a flicker contract. Warner Baxter, commonly regarded a celluloid creation, was playing on a Broadway stage in "Lombardi, Ltd.," as recently as 1927, and the star of that piece was Leo Carrillo. Warren William was emoting on Broadway as far back as 1924 and was trained in ten legitimate shows, though movie-goers do not know of his stage background. Other stagers on the Coast are Roger Pryor, Edward Arnold, Bill Frawley, Lynne Overman, the Marx brothers, Al Jolson, Ernest Truex, Rudy Vallee, Francis Lederer, Guy Standing, Paul Kelly, Jack Haley, Hugh O'Connell, Claude Rains, Sidney Blackmer, Edmund Lowe, Chester Morris, Richard Dix, George Raft, Leon Errol, Walter Catlett, the late Lowell Sherman, Reginald Owen, Osgood Perkins, Arthur Byron, Jack Oakie, George Bancroft, Henry Hull, Walter Huston, Jimmy Dunn, Fredric March.

Rather than bore you, I won't go through the entire list here on my desk, a list of 135 names. However, I've given you enough of them to drive home the point I wish to make, that Hollywood pictures would be a bust if they didn't have this army of Broadway talent upon which to call. Their indebtness to Broadway and New York for man-power and woman-power can't be reckoned in terms of dollars and cents. Mae West, Clark Gable, Katharine Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Helen Hayes, Will Rogers—these six alone figure into millions of dollars, purely on box-office appeal.

If it is impossible to estimate the dollar and cent value of the performers from Broadway who have enriched and colored the pictures, then it is beyond all computing to dope out Hollywood's debt to New York stages for story material and story

In "The Little Colonel," Shirley Temple has to wear a quaint costume, and a special chair has been arranged for her to rest in without sitting down and crushing her skirt.

ideas. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was taken bodily from the stage and is ranked as one of the greatest pictures of the year. The stage did "Grand Hotel" and did it better, in my estimation, than the pictures. "Dinner at Eight" was lifted bodily from the stage. "She Loves Me Not," on the stage, was better done than in the pictures. You could go on ad infinitum in this record of plays that have served to water the movie mills.

Sometimes the greater scope of the camera, and better casting, has given the celluloid version of a stage play greater dramatic strength. Often we have the reverse, a Joan Crawford trying vainly to convey the depth of Jeanne Eagel's masterful portrayal of "Sadie Thompson," or a Gloria Swanson coping hopelessly with the light operatic demands of a "Music In the Air." These instances are beside the point. The point is that Hollywood would go bust, mentally, if the Broadway stage didn't think for the celluloid tycoons.

That completes my case for Broadway against Hollywood. A summary would prove (1), that New Yorker bankers supply the money to Hollywood, (2), Broadway stages supply the bulk of the actors and actresses, (3), Broadway stages supply the bulk of the scripts.

Having established these vital points, I'll relax now and pay credit where credit is due. Hollywood directors and cameramen, trained in Hollywood, are GREAT and the capital lettering is mine. The W. S. Van Dykes, the Lloyd Bacons, the Mervyn Le Roys, the Frank Capras, the George Cukors, Norman Taurogs, the Archie Mayos, the Mark Sandriches, and the Clarence Browns, to my way of thinking, have made greater strides forward than their counterparts on Broadway. These great directors, and I've mentioned only a few of them, are fine artists in every sense of the word. They have given the talking pictures tone, polish, breadth, discernment and imagination.

The East, unable to match these fine directors, is unable too to match the Coast camera geniuses. Daniels and Folsey, at Metro; Ray June, with Goldwyn, Charlie Lang and Victor Milner, at Paramount, Charlie Rosher and Marley, at 20th Century, Barnes and Van Trees, at Warners, Miller, Glennon and Seitz at Fox—these lensmen have developed their art to a point which beggars description. Lighting and photography in Coast productions is nearly faultless. Treatment of individual stars, both make-up and photography, has achieved almost miraculous results. To these men I tip my hat cheerfully, admitting that we have no one in the east remotely approaching them in skill.

And while I'm in benevolent mood, I'll pay tribute to the movie makers themselves. Without resorting to the New York stage, they built up stars as great as Norma Shearer, Gary Cooper, Richard Barthelmess, Bebe Daniels, Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten, Kay Francis, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, Dick Powell, ZaSu Pitts, Mary Pickford, Myrna Loy, Loretta Young and William Powell. And they did pretty well, too, with a girl named Greta Garbo. Some may remark acidly that Joan Crawford and Nancy Carroll both were New York chorines. That is true, but Hollywood converted the chorus girls into pretty fair dramatic actresses.

There is no doubt in my mind that Hollywood, without Broadway, would not amount to much. Yet the saner view, and an unbiased view, is that working together and forgetting petty squabbles, they form an unbeatable combination. East is East and West is West, but, to paraphrase Kipling's crack, EVER the twain shall meet. Together, against the world, they're a hell-uva partnership.

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"These Things Have Counted"

[*Continued from page* 21]

Miss Frederick in her play that evening. I wanted so much to be like her . . . to make them love me . . . to have her confidence and artistry.

"She was taking off her make-up when Paul and I came into the dressing room. After the introductions, during which I was so awed that I merely stood and stared at her, Paul said: 'Polly, I want you to speak to this foolish little girl. She wants to conquer the world in an hour. Tell her what a hard row it is . . . how long . . .'

"The glorious Pauline turned and looked at me, seeming to see me for the first time . . . then, suddenly, she arose and crossed the room and took my face in her hands, saying: 'Go on and dream your dreams, my dear—conquer the world in an hour! You can . . . if you want to badly enough!' Do I need to tell you how much those gallant hopeful words meant to me then . . . and have meant, ever since? And why I now know how much illusions really count?"

The dining room was deserted now, except for a waiter who hovered solicitously in the background, filling and re-filling Joan's coffee cup. The rays of the mid-afternoon sun filtered through the soft, green drapes and made an odd figure of light on the far edge of our secluded table. It was a grand moment for other shining bits of memory.

"At home," she went on, "I have a little packet of letters filed away for safe keeping . . . because they, too, represent something that has counted a great deal. I've never spoken of this before . . . there has been no occasion to. After all, my marriage to Douglas is a thing of the past and the differences that brought about our separation are a closed chapter. I should never speak of it now except for the wonder and gratitude I shall ever feel for the sentiment wrapped up in that small package.

"You see, when I married Douglas, I did a very foolish thing. I tried to make myself over for him. I tried to like the things he liked . . . the people he liked. I'm afraid my own friends got lost in the rush of visiting celebrities, young sophisticates and youthful literary lights who, because they were Douglas' friends, were constant visitors at our home. I think I knew in my heart that very few of them were *my* friends . . . but they would please Douglas and so I devoted a great deal of my time toward entertaining them. There was almost no time for old friends of my own.

"Yet, when everything was over, when the young sophisticates and visiting celebrities no longer came to our home because Douglas was not there, these letters I've been telling you about came instead. Letters from my friends . . . people I'd not forgotten for a minute, but had badly neglected. And they wrote such sweet things . . . almost timidly. They said they didn't want to intrude on my unhappiness, but they wanted me to know they were thinking of me. I could have cried over the loveliness of such friendship—friendship that makes no demands and refuses to die merely because it isn't fed with flattery and attention! It counted so much when I needed and wanted it the most!"

A short pause . . . Joan was searching back for the *real* things. Then . . . "And there is one scene from a picture, just *one*, that has counted more than the usual hard effort and striving we all put into our work. This one scene was not just another fiction character with lines to speak —I had a chance to re-live a heart-breaking moment from my own experience.

"Do you remember in 'Sadie McKee,' a scene in which *Sadie* sits by the bedside of the boy she has loved so long and tries to keep him from guessing that she knows he is dying . . . that she will never see him again? Well, I want you to know that I've lived that moment and experienced that poignant grief just as realistically as *Sadie* did

It was a long time ago, right after I came to Hollywood . . . that I met a very sweet boy. He was just a kid and we were nothing but crazy kids together. All day long, when I wasn't working at the studio, we played together at the beach, took long motor trips or went to the new shows. But when evening came, we always danced. We both loved to dance, couldn't get enough of it.

"One evening at the old *Montmartre* we won the dancing contest after an hour of hectic whirling. It was an exceptionally warm cafe, but when we got into Jerry's open car it was chilly. I begged him to keep his overcoat around his shoulders, even tried to hold it there for him, but he was so over-heated from the exertion that he refused. He just laughed as he continued to push the coat back. Two days later, the resulting cold had developed into pneumonia. When I entered his room that last evening in the hospital, I *knew* . . . and yet I didn't want him to guess that I knew.

"The other day Billie Burke came up to me on the set of 'Forsaking All Others.' She told me that she had seen 'Sadie McKee' at a neighborhood theater the night before. And then she said: 'Joan. you did a remarkable piece of *acting* in that death-bed scene. I want to compliment you. But I feel there was more to it than acting. Sometime, some place, you must have lived that moment yourself!' It was the saddest, the sweetest compliment I have ever known. For I *had* lived that moment at the bedside of that gallant boy who was the grandest playmate in the world! That scene in 'Sadie McKee' will always count above all others to me because it lies so close to my heart."

She was silent a moment. I held the light for her fresh cigarette. When she looked up again, she was smiling slowly.

"I hope I haven't given the impression that it is only the poignant moments in my life that have counted. Ever since I've known Franchot, I've been learning how much laughter can count and how much it is to be treasured. I've always been able to laugh easily . . . but he has taught me that supreme humor . . . the ability to laugh at myself!

"One day on the set, when I lost my temper over a reference made by a radio commentator, I acted in my usual haste and called the man from my portable dressing room. While I was in the act of giving him a rather loud piece of my mind . . . telling him exactly what to do with his references in the future . . . I looked up and caught a glimpse of Franchot out of the corner of my eye. He was laughing . . . laughing at me. And all at once I was laughing, too, because for the first time in my life I realized how ridiculously unnecessary small anger is. I was truly angry, my face was flushed and I was saying so many things that didn't matter at all . . . except to my silly, injured pride. I think some part of me stood aside and looked at the rest of me that moment . . . and laughed!

"Franchot asked a question in one word: 'WHY?'

"No one will ever know how much that moment counted because in the flash of that laughter and Franchot's questioning *WHY,* I learned to think before acting under stress. I learned, too, the joy of laughing at small annoyances . . . watching them vanish in an inner mirth that relegates them to the unimportance they deserve!"

It was late afternoon when Joan finally gathered her sable coat about her and we left the dining room. I said "Goodbye" at the door of her town car and, yet, all the way home I was fascinated by the mental list I had made of the things that have really mattered in the life of Joan:

A little packet of letters. . . .

A simple meeting with a lovely and sincere woman. . . .

The memory of a playmate who died too soon. . . .

A lesson in laughter!

These things have counted with a girl who has earned all the glamor and excitement Hollywood and fame have to offer.

Elizabeth Bergner, whose "Catherine the Great" was one of the successes of last year, arrives in New York for a Broadway engagement.

Tripping to New York with Carole Lombard

[*Continued from page* 19]

look at the grief box) while he strapped his passengers down to their seats with safety belts and passed around the chewing gum. Carole disdained both the belt and the gum. "See what the boys in the back room will have," she announced blithely rummaging around a swell box of fried chicken, fruit cake, olives, celery and champagne (a gift from the Brown Derby) and packing a tray with goodies for Pilot Burns in the cockpit. One whiff of the fruit cake and the Pasadena society matron in the seat in front of Carole turned green —and while Jonesy rushed for the oxygen, Carole administered her own pungent

Poor Complexion?

Nurses now tell how famous medicated cream *Corrects ugly skin faults*

Thousands use it for Pimples, Large Pores, Blackheads, Cold Sores, Chapped Skin

OVER 2 million women today use this famous medicated cream to relieve skin irritations, to help clear up blemished complexions—to help restore their skin to normal healthy loveliness.

Of this vast number of women, thousands are nurses, whose training and experience have taught them what is best for the skin.

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This famous medicated cream is Noxzema Skin Cream—a dainty, snow-white, greaseless formula that doctors first prescribed to relieve eczema, sunburn and other skin irritations.

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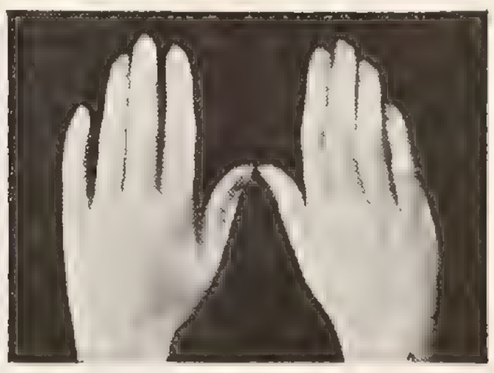
If your skin is Rough or badly Chapped —if you have Cold Sores, Pimples, Blackheads, Large Pores, just try Noxzema Cream—and see what a big improvement it makes in your skin.

Apply Noxzema at night. Wash it off in the morning with warm water first, then cold water or apply ice. Apply a little Noxzema during the day—as a foundation for powder. Use Noxzema until skin is relieved or blemishes disappear.

Special trial offer

Ask your druggist for a small trial jar—if he cannot supply you send only 15c for generous 25c jar—enough to make a big improvement in your skin. Address Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 84, Baltimore, Md.



Red Chapped Hands Relieved Overnight . . . OR NO COST

Make this test tonight on badly Chapped Hands. Get a jar of Noxzema from your druggist—apply it tonight—as much as the skin will absorb. Notice them in the morning. If soreness has not disappeared—if hands are not softer, whiter, your druggist will gladly refund your money.

BRIGHT EYE IDEAS

by Jane Heath

MEN may hate extreme styles, but there's one beauty point that always gets them, in business or in ballrooms. Lovely eyes! Practice looking eager and attentive; two-thirds of the trick of that "starry-eyed" look is a matter of concentration. The other third is a little patented implement called Kurlash. Slip your eyelashes into this for a few moments each morning. They emerge with the lovely, lasting curl Nature forgot to give them. Curled lashes look *much* longer and make eyes sparkle . . . and Kurlash costs only $1 at any leading store.

Improving on Nature

Men do not like an artificial "beaded" look on eyelashes, which is why so many professional beauties are using new liquid mascara *Lashtint*. $1 buys a charming dressing-table bottle . . . water-proof and tear-proof (remove it with cold cream) to make thin or pale lashes appear dark and luxuriant.

Beauty in the Handbag

Shopping or business over—and a sudden urge for beauty overcomes you! How lucky you are if out of your handbag comes *Lashpac*. From one end a stick of mascara pushes forward to use *both* on lashes and eyebrows. A tiny brush for grooming swings from the other end. Mrs. D. N. writes that it makes a most original $1 bridge prize!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department D-4, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copr. The Kurlash Co., Inc. 1935.

smelling salts, which she is never without, and which proceeded to lift Pasadena's scalp right to the top of the plane. ("You're the Tops, You're Smelling Salts.")

"We call her the little mother of the TWA," I said in mock sweetness, and Carole gave me a glower that Karloff might envy. But it's true. Last fall when Carole was hurrying back to Hollywood to run up a picture at Metro, there was a terrific storm over Indiana and one of the passengers, a Tarzan of a man, passed right out cold from fright. When he came to his head was in Lombard's lap (maybe he thought he was in heaven) and he was sniffing the inevitable smelling salts while Carole assured him that of course the plane really wasn't going to fall, a little matter that she wasn't any too confident about herself just then. And what with a whimpering child and a nervous old lady, who deeply regretted trying out one of these new fangled contraptions, Carole was so busy playing Florence Nightingale that there was the Glendale airport and the photographers before she even had a chance to apply her lipstick—which is one of Carole's cutest tricks and you must see her do it sometime. Without a mirror or anything she runs that lipstick over her lips, just once, she never misses, and *voila* there's as perfect a kisser as Mr. Gary Cooper ever met up with in the cinema.

Well, hardly had I gotten the chicken off of Carole's ear and my chin, than I suddenly discovered that the earth, which we hadn't seen for several hours but which I still remembered, was coming to meet us at a terrific rate. "Too bad, folks," it was Jonesy again with his perpetual grin, "but you'll have to get off in Albuquerque and take a train. There's a storm ahead."

Grounded in Albuquerque, among the tepees. New York in fourteen hours. Bah! If there had been a poor little innocent dog around to kick I would have kicked him. I expected Carole to go into a pet, and make a scene or something, but on the contrary she was quite gay as she dragged a king's ransom in orchids out of the poor old grounded Air Chief. "Isn't it fun?" she beamed. "Aren't these orchids ridiculous? Let's go look for Indians with Navajo blankets, and tepees, and things. I haven't had so much fun in years. Phooey to you—" and with that she tore in half a whole pad of telegrams which started off "Arrived in New York safely."

Jonesy and Burnsy, our sterling pilots, didn't seem to know exactly what to do with us now that they had us grounded, so, while they carried on long conversations, Carole proceeded to run off another batch of wires (that stock's going up by leaps and bounds if Lombard continues to travel) which she handed to a bewildered young man who was so taken in by seeing a movie star that we were practically out of the airport before he discovered that li'l missy Carole had failed to address them. A Lombard habit—Fieldsy is the filler-inner.

A rough and ready male, home from the range, finally was persuaded to drive us over to the Santa Fe station, where Carole was reprimanded like a naughty school girl for smoking in the waiting room. More difficulties arose when it was discovered that the California Limited had no room for us and didn't want us anyway. Here was a grand opportunity for Carole to get indignant and put on a I'm-a-movie-star-and-I-won't-have-this act and do an entire scene from "Twentieth Century" for the benefit of the Albuquerque yokels, but, instead, she fairly rolled on a bench in that hot little station, simply convulsed with laughter when she thought of all that chi-chi we put on only four hours ago at the Glendale airport.

Well, there was nothing to do but wait for the Chief and see if they would have us, so the next few hours we spent in the Harvey lunchroom drinking coffee and eating hamburgers with onions, and you should have seen those silly looking orchids curl up in contempt when they smelled the onions. All I'd have to say was "Thousands of people to see us off—and here we're only in New Mexico" and Carole would go into gales of laughter. The Chief, it seems, would condescend to take us to Kansas City where we could get the plane the next night, so we piled aboard, much to the annoyance of the most disgruntled pullman porter I have ever seen. The onions kept me awake. Carole climbed into the upper in the drawing room (didja ever see a star take an upper before?) and was soon lost to a troubled world.

The next morning, the hour that we were supposed to be arriving at the Newark airport amid camera flashes and excitement, found me facing Kansas, an entire day of Kansas (and gentlemen, right there, I was willing to give you the TWA) so in desperation I dashed from the train and bought a mystery story with a gory murder in every chapter. . . . Fieldsy found a couple of guys to play Hearts with. . . . Lombard, I rejoice to say, gave a bit of tone to the party by reading Zweig's "Kaleidoscope," which Bob Riskin had given her before leaving Hollywood. She insisted upon reading a story to me, and I assure you the Lombard reads beautifully, but suddenly I realized that the story wasn't getting any place, and that everything was getting vaguely familiar. I discovered that Carole was just too sleepy to turn the page, and had been reading over and over the same paragraph for the last quarter of an hour. We slept.

I was awakened from my slumbers by Carole and Fieldsy hastily slipping out of pajamas and into suits and throwing everything into bags and gathering up the orchids. "Kansas City," said Fieldsy. "Jonesy and the plane." But alas, when we trailed off the train in the Kansas City station (oh, there's nothing like air travel to acquaint you with the various railroad stations in our country) there was no Jonesy and no plane, but there was Bunker, with even more personality than Jonesy had, who showed us his molars and urged us to be sweet and get right back on the train because the nice TWA couldn't meet us until Chicago the next morning. We'd only be two days late and we could still make our "entrance."

So, back on the train we climbed, unpacked again, and to Zweig. In Chicago the next morning it was the same old story. However we did feel better about it when we read headlines that a plane was lost over the city, and for the first time we felt sort of tender towards alma mater TWA. It seems that the entire East was enveloped in a terrific fog and that no passenger plane had come into Chicago in three days. Furthermore seven big ocean liners were parked outside Sandy Hook waiting for the fog to rise so they could get into New York harbor. Why, even a Hudson River Day Line boat had been lost for a day. Now, when a Hudson River Day Line boat gets lost in the fog then it really is a fog. It was sensational, colossal. We took the first train out of Chicago, which happened to be the Manhattan Limited and which completely threw our few friends, who still thought we might get to New York, completely off the track as they arose at daybreak to meet the Twentieth Century.

New York at last—in fourteen hours *and* three days. However, it's so much fun traveling with Lombard that I'm willing to take another chance on the Albuquerque tepees and the Kansas plains the next time I get enough money to go to New York. If ever.

STUDIO NEWS

[*Continued from page* 33]

end of the room is an old quarter-sawed, golden oak sideboard with a lot of pewter and crystal on it and some outlandish colored cookery and statuary.

Mr. Kelly and his wife are having an argument over their daughter. Betty, it seems, is not the wistful little ingenue she appears to be.

"I have some very fine news for you, Dan," Jane observes sarcastically. "Your daughter was sent home from school today. She was suspended."

"Suspended from school!" Judge Kelly ejaculates. "What was she doing—fighting?"

"Even at school she can't forget she's a McFadden," Jane retorts.

"You keep my side of the family out of this," the judge counters excitedly.

"All right," Miss Darwell mutters. "But what are we going to do about it. The city school don't want her. We'll maybe have to send her to a paid one."

"You mean one of them schools like I see advertised where they ride horses and things?" he demands.

"Yes, and learn to be ladies. Finishing schools they call them. It'll be nice," she muses, "for her to have her Latin in the morning and her Greek in the afternoon."

"Her Latin and her Greek," he fumes. "What's the matter with a boy like Sandy (Richard Cromwell)?"

"'Tis ignorant ye are, Dan. Them's foreign languages." Then, as if dismissing the whole thing, "Well, do as you please. After all, ain't you her father?"

"That depends," he argues. "When she's reciting the Sons of Erin she's *your* daughter—but when she's fighting in the streets, she's *mine!*"

There is a lot more to this scene but lack

Jane Darwell and Walter C. Kelly in a remake of "McFadden's Flats."

of space prevents my giving you all the dialogue. "Car 99" is on location and I've already told you about "Mississippi" and "All the King's Horses" so it's goodbye, Paramount, hello, R-K-O.

At R-K-O

FIRST in importance over here is the famous "Roberta" featuring the song hit, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." It's all about a gown shop that Randolph Scott, All-American football player, inherits from his aunt, Helen Westley. Irene Dunne is

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New 10% larger tube

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FOR years, people have willingly bought Pepsodent...rather than save a few pennies and endanger teeth by buying harsh, "bargain" dentifrices. Over a hundred million tubes of Pepsodent have been sold...convincing evidence that Pepsodent really does *remove film safely.*

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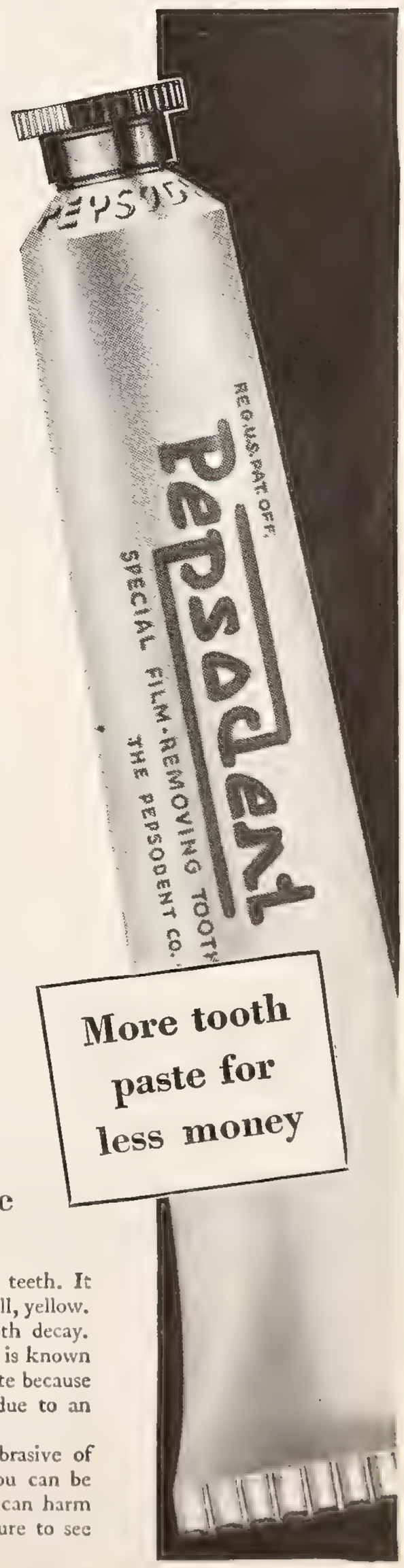

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Herbert Marshall
PICKS
LOVELIEST LIPS
IN UNUSUAL TEST

HERE ARE THE LIPS HERBERT MARSHALL SAW

Movie Star tells why Tangee Lips are most appealing

Mr. Marshall makes lipstick test between scenes of the new **Universal Picture, "The Good Fairy,"** in which he is co-starred with Margaret Sullavan.

● Herbert Marshall talked frankly about his ideals of feminine beauty. "Only in naturalness is there real beauty — to me, at least," he said. "Especially do I abhor this barbaric custom of painting a woman's lips to a gash of red."

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the head designer, Fred Astaire is Randy's friend, Ginger Rogers is the temperamental Countess Scharwenka whom Fred knew in his home town as *Lizzie Gatz.* This show has more plot than the ordinary musical and even if it isn't highly original, I always say what's the diff if it's pleasant? Particularly when it has a cast such as this, a song like "Smoke," singing like Irene's, dancing like Fred's and personality like Ginger's—to say nothing of giving Randy a chance to do something besides Westerns.

"Me and my shadow" arrive at the stage door and there are signs THAT high announcing "No Visitors—*POSITIVELY.*" That "positively" makes me a little uneasy because the doorman is being difficult about the whole thing. Just then John Beal comes along and the doorman, because John is *almost* a star, lets us go in for a peep at the set. Once inside I can pooh-pooh because William Seiter is directing, and if he doesn't let me stay I can always call him "Fats" in print, and Glenn Tryon is co-directing—or something. Anyhow he's there and so is Randy. So I stay.

I can't see what all the commotion is about because the set is only a reproduction of an elevator shaft in a large building. The elevator really goes up and down but the studio is nervous for fear there'll be an accident and they don't want any outsiders getting hurt and suing them.

Randolph Scott, out of Westerns at last, plays with Irene Dunne in "Roberta," the Fred-Astaire Ginger Rogers piece.

Irene and Randy have been squabbling all through the picture because, although he loves her, he's seen her fooling around with a prince and thinks she's in love with him. Randy has been stuck in the elevator. When they finally get it started, he gets out at the third floor and there's Irene.

"Are you happy?" he asks, taking her extended hand.

"Tremendously," she smiles, because their style show has just been a tremendous success.

"Then I am, too," he answers startled but bearing up under it because he doesn't know she's talking about the style show.

Irene is amazed and bewildered by what he has said but he leads her to the elevator and opens the door. "But—haven't you anything more to say?" she demands in perplexity.

"No," says Randy positively. "Only congratulations and have a good time, and goodbye." He closes the door and adds, "I'm sailing for New York tomorrow."

"You're being very heroic about something," Irene informs him, just a little annoyed. "What is it?"

"Oh," Randy comes back airily, "I was just thinking it must be fun to suddenly find yourself a Princess, married to a nice Prince."

"I was born a Princess," Irene states. "I'm not married to Ladislaw—he's my cousin—and you're still a big, blundering Newfoundland fullback!"

I say "hello" to Randy and get a big hello back and I tell Mr. Seiter to give my love to his bride, Marian Nixon, and then Mr. Beal and I leave.

"I'll be big," John offers, "and take you over to the 'Captain Hurricane' set before I take you over to my own. 'Captain Hurricane' is distinguished chiefly because it marks the cinematic début of James Barton, who, for years, was one of the best dancers in musical comedy and who suddenly blossomed out in 'Tobacco Road' last year and made a terrific hit. Now, here's the story, as nearly as I remember it."

John goes on and on while I marvel at his enthusiasm and curse my luck because I never get to see the beginning of a picture instead of the end, so I would have to listen to the plot. *Captain Hurricane* (Barton) is a fiery individual who

"Captain Hurricane" introduces James Barton to the screen, but we all know him of old.

has long wanted Helen Westley (yes, she's in this one, too, heaven be praised) to marry him but Helen is not a gal to put up with his tantrums so she won't. He sells his ship and settles down on Cape Cod to enjoy the fruits of his labors and also to try to get Helen to change her mind.

To make a long story short, he loses all his money and she sells her property and puts the money in his bank account so he won't know hard luck has befallen him, but he goes through that, too. Along towards reel four a ship is sinking and Barton, the old salt, takes his two brothers, who are likewise old salts, and off they go to the rescue. Barton, of course, is the hero of the occasion and they're just getting ready to have a big "WELCOME HOME" party for him when he returns from the hospital where he went with his burns after his heroic deeds. He had to have burns. Don't you remember Wally Beery in "Tugboat Annie," for pete's sake?

"And now I'll take you over to my own set," says Beal affably.

His "own set" turns out to be a picturization of one of Gene Stratton Porter's books—"Laddie"—and Johnny has the name part. Is he a sight? Dunt esk! He's got on boots with overalls stuffed down in the legs and a tattered old straw hat like farmers wear, because he is a farmer.

"Is this a Charles Ray outfit or not?" he demands triumphantly.

"Mr. Beal," I assure him, "The only way I can tell it's you and not Ray is that the picture is called 'Laddie' instead of 'Hay-foot, Straw-foot.'"

"Maybe they'll change the name of this one to 'Hey nonnie-nonnie,' he hopes.

This is one of those farmland idylls with no terrific climaxes—just good clean sentiment—and Grady Sutton. But it has the most realistic reproduction of a farm yard I have ever seen. The weather-beaten house, the harness hanging on pegs outside the barn door, the trees, the well, the wash tubs, the ducks, chickens, etc. There is even an old, old man sitting on a bench by the barn whittling. "This is my big scene," John confides. Whereupon he climbs up on a hay-wagon, seizes the reins and clucks giddap to the horses. The horses move forward about ten or fifteen feet and the director calls "Cut!"

"That's the first time I ever drove a team of horses," John exults. "How'd I look?"

"It's a 'long shot'," I inform him gloomily. "You're too far away from the camera for the audience to be able to tell it's you."

"I'll fix *that*, all right," he promises. So the next time they take the scene, here is John peering over the side of the wagon (on the camera side) to look down at the ducks and chickens and make sure he's not running over them. He gets his face about two feet closer to the camera that way.

Also in this picture are Gloria Stuart, Gloria Shea, Charlotte Henry, Donald Crisp, Willard Robertson, Dorothy Peterson AND Mr. Grady Sutton.

"I don't know anyone on the 'Dog of Flanders' set," John informs me regretfully when his big scene is finished, "so you'll have to make that one alone."

Well, the picture has just started so they haven't a completed script yet, but it's a beautiful set—a road built up to look like a pike with snow on the ground and woods along the sides. A wind machine faithfully reproduces the sound of the wind whistling in the trees.

DeWitt Jennings, all muffled up in mittens, a fur cap and boots is trudging along the road when suddenly a big police dog looms ahead of him. They stare at each other for a second and then Jennings starts backing off. Suddenly the dog springs at him and down they go—with the dog on top.

"Jennings once owned the dog and he used to beat him something awful," someone explains to me. "When he left the dog to die little Frankie Thomas found him and nursed him back to life. This is the first time the dog and Jennings have met since then."

Of course, despite my gray hairs and sixty years, I'm still just a boy at heart and I love animal pictures, so—me—I'll be right on hand when "Dog of Flanders" is released.

"Becky Sharp," starring Miriam Hopkins, is on location and "Murder on a Honeymoon" featuring those two cut-ups—Edna May Oliver and James Gleason—finished yesterday, so we can now turn our attention to Mr. Fox's efforts.

At Fox-Western

THREE pictures going over here. The first is a new version of "Dante's Inferno." I say "new" advisedly. Not only because it has been done before but because in order to make it bigger and better, they have undertaken to write a whole new beginning to Mr. Dante's work. The modern part involves Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor and Henry B. Walthall.

Spencer has ideas for a lot of get-rich-quick-schemes. First it's a palatial gambling and pleasure ship. Then it's something else. He finally winds up with some concessions at a summer amusement park. The park has had an old "Inferno" as one of its attractions. Spence, Walthall, Maidel Turner, and Alan Dinehart are all for building a new inferno—more stu-

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THE ACTION of this medicine is effective for hours, and two tablets should see you through your worst day.

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ANOTHER REASON for hesitating to take these tablets is the fear that Midol may be a narcotic. It is not.

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TUCK the slim little aluminum case of Midol tablets in your purse, and be all prepared. Be prepared to "be yourself" all through the days which might otherwise be given over to the usual pain and discomfort.

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YOU'LL be grateful!

P. S. It's a true kindness to tell any periodical sufferer about this real relief. Don't keep your discovery a secret!

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pendous, more terrible and horrifying than the imagination of man has heretofore conceived. But Robert Gleckler, who owned the old one, holds out against them. They finally get his ground and go ahead and build the new one anyhow.

What a set! The rocks, with the steam rising from them, tower fifty or sixty feet in the air. There are devils with pitchforks all the way up the tortuous climb. At the top you look down and there is a pool of murky water with tortured souls writhing in it and more devils with pitchforks to prod them back if they should try to escape. There is *Tantalus* pushing his rock up the hill only to have it roll back every time he gets it to the top, and all the other pathetic figures of mythology.

The thing has just been completed and Spence is making his first inspection of it.

"Dante's Inferno" sounds terrific, but it actually is a story of an amusement park. Robert Gleckler and Spencer Tracy.

There is a beautiful brunette in the most fascinating musical-comedy devil's costume I've ever gazed upon.

"Good evening, Mr. Carter," she smiles as he comes through the door.

"Good evening," he smiles back. Walking to the edge of the parapet, he glances over. "I believe the damned thing is going to make money," he muses, seating himself on the wall.

Suddenly Gleckler is standing there behind him with a wild look in his eyes. A moment later, Gleckler has leaped over the wall and his body is hurtling through space, down towards that murky pit.

It's a real leap, too. Only, naturally, a double does it for him.

"Boy," Spence whispers when the scene is finished, "is *this* going to be a honey! Have you ever seen me enthusiastic over one of my pictures before?"

I shake my head. "Well, I am over this one." He pauses a moment and then his face lights up. "Dick," he whispers, "Louise and I are back together again. Gee, it's great. Will you come out some night to see us and we'll spend the evening together like we used to."

"I'd love to." Spencer and Louise Tracy are two of my favorite people, and it was no small blow to me when they separated. The news that they've gone back together is the nicest thing I've heard in a month.

Next door to "Inferno" is a pleasant little piece called "The Great Hotel Murder," featuring Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Mary Carlisle, Madge Bellamy and sundry others.

Edmund Lowe, it seems, is an author of detective stories, living in the Mareno Hotel. Victor McLaglen is the house detective. They are at the cigar stand one morning when Vic picks up a magazine with one of Eddie's stories and reads, "The face is a mirror for the thoughts."

"A lot of bull," he explodes. "Theories don't work out like that in real life."

"That girl sitting over there, for in-

Lowe and McLaglen in a new kind of picture, "The Great Hotel Murder."

stance," Eddie retorts, pointing to Mary Carlisle, "has a nine o'clock engagement for breakfast with a relative. The relative is late."

They check up and find he is correct. So they take Mary and go up to her relative's room, only to find a dead man in there.

Immediately Dr. Temple is summoned, and Eddie finds a tube of poison tablets. "A tube of quarter grains," he muses. "That's a lethal dose, isn't it, Doctor?"

"He wasn't an addict," Dr. C. Henry Gordon announces taking the phial and looking at it in a puzzled way. "I examined his wrist and forearms for marks."

"This don't belong to you, does it?" Vic demands, in turn taking the tube and looking first at it and then at Gordon.

"Of course not!" Gordon exclaims, checking his anger. "When I require anything of the sort I can always get it."

"Oh, yeah?" Vic comes back, giving him a quick look.

"Say, Eddie," I greet Mr. Lowe when the scene is finished, "is it true that you and McLaglen really feel so keenly about each other off-screen?"

"Don't be silly," says Eddie. "I love that old so-and-so," with which Mr. Lowe goes back to make another take and promptly steals the scene from the object of his affections.

"Hi, Henry," I greet Mr. Gordon when another take has been completed.

"Hello," he nods.

"Ever hear from Don Dillaway?" I ask. Don and C. Henry used to be great pals.

"Sure," Henry replies. "He's in New York. He's been in several plays this winter but none of them, unfortunately, were hits. That boy has sure played in tough luck."

"You said it," I agree. Don is one of the most agreeable juveniles in the business but he's never had a chance.

The other picture on this lot, "Life Begins at 40," starring Will Rogers and featuring Rochelle Hudson, is on location so I can't tell you about that one. Now let's jog out to M-G-M.

At M-G-M

FIRST we have Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone in a piece called "Reckless." But I told you about that last month. The next set turns out to be "The Casino Murder Case." *Young Mrs. Llewellyn*—whoever *she* is—has just been murdered and the officers (Paul Lukas and Purnell Pratt) are there. Also Isabel Jewell in a powder blue satin negligee, trimmed in pink, and Leslie Fenton in evening clothes.

"Who found young *Mrs. Llewellyn?*" Pratt demands.

"I did," Isabel sobs. "I was reading in my room when I heard a sound as if someone were—were choking. I hurried in here and saw her." Suddenly she covers her face with her hand as though to shut out the horrible sight, and buries her face

against Leslie's shoulder, sobbing violently. "Oh, it was awful."

"Come on, dear," he murmurs, patting her shoulder and leading her towards the door.

"Oh, Dr. Kane," Pratt calls, stopping him. "When you arrived was Mrs. Llewellyn still alive?"

"Go on, dear," Leslie instructs Isabel, pushing her towards the door and turning back to Pratt. "No. She was dead. Her eyes were staring. Her pupils were so dilated I could hardly see the retina."

"You see?" Paul puts in. "Same as young Llewellyn."

"Undoubtedly some poison in the belladonna group," Les explains. "Hyoscin, atropine or scopalomin."

Except for Helen Hayes I have never seen any other actress who could be talking to you casually one moment, break off in the middle of a sentence, go into a scene and start crying real tears as Isabel does in this. That girl can really troupe. When the scene is finished she comes up.

"It's a little late to be congratulating you," I apologize, "but I only saw 'Evelyn Prentice' last night. You were really something in that."

"You're sweet," Isabel answers in a deprecating tone. "It was a great acting part. And this is the same sort of part."

"Congratulations in advance this time, then," I offer.

And then the director has to spoil everything by calling her back for another take. That's the breaks I get. Meet some swell girl like Isabel who thinks I'm sweet and then lose her to a camera man and a director! Heigho. Maybe when I get to Warner Brothers my luck will change.

At Warner Brothers

SOME fun, over on the "Go Into Your Dance" set, some fun. The stage is cluttered up with two dozen or more Mae

Ruby Keeler singing her cocktail song for "Go Into Your Dance."

Wests and an equal number of little cuties in vests, cocktail aprons, and nothing else. It's a night club set with the usual orchestra, dance floor and extras in evening clothes sipping cocktails that aren't cocktails and being very gay about it all. Bobby Connolly, the famous dance director, has been rehearsing the girls all morning, but still the timing isn't exactly right so the rehearsal goes on and on. It's the "A Good Old-Fashioned Cocktail with a Good Old Fashioned Girl" number and Ruby Keeler, looking awfully cute in her little vest and apron and tan, sings the number, while the Mae West girls with their big hats, and slinky gowns and sliding hips do their stuff. Then from all corners dash the cocktail ballet, with shakers and ice and everything, and go into a regular routine.

Warner Brothers is awfully excited over this musical and will have you believe that it's the best that has ever been turned out

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of their film factory since "42nd Street" knocked the country for a loop. It's chief importance lies in the fact that it's the first time on stage or screen, on land or sea, that Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, have appeared together. Husbands and wives usually fight like the devil to keep from being in the same picture, but Al and Ruby decided that it would be fun and swore they were going to do their individual best to steal the picture from the other. But, speaking of picture stealers, they'd both better watch out for Helen Morgan, who has quite an important part in the picture as a Night Club Queen and sings several blues songs in the well known Morgan manner.

And on your right, ladies and gentlemen, we have another of my favorite actresses—Kay Francis, in the flesh and looking like a million dollars in some tight-fitting black dress. Unfortunately, she isn't working in this scene.

The picture is called "The Goose and the Gander" and the set is the Santa Barbara Biltmore—patio and all. There are hundreds of "dress" extras—that is, extras in evening clothes, sitting at the tables and dancing, etc. At one table sit Genevieve Tobin and Ralph Forbes. As they sit there, George Brent joins them.

George Brent, Genevieve Tobin and Ralph Forbes being swanky in "The Goose and the Gander."

"Hello, Bobby," Genevieve hails him carelessly.

"Hello," from Brent, and then to Forbes, "how are you, old man?"

Forbes makes some unintelligible reply and then Genevieve turns to him, "Come on and dance with me, Ralph. You haven't asked me to dance all evening."

"I'm tired," he protests. "I played two holes of golf today."

There is a roar of laughter from the company at this. He was supposed to say "Two *rounds* of golf" so it has to be done over. However, it ends with George dancing with Jenny.

I think that my luck, at last, has changed. Here's Kay not working and all set for a chat when the director dismisses her for the day. Gosh darn it!

My luck is working in other ways, tho. "Caliente," starring Dolores del Rio and featuring Pat O'Brien, Leo Carrillo, Edward Everett Horton, Glenda Farrell and Phil Regan is on location and so are "The Florentine Dagger" with Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods and "King of the Ritz" with William Gargan, Patricia Ellis and Allen Jenkins and the set of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is closed up tighter than a drum. Even a Mook can't get on. So I kiss the Warner Brothers—all four of them—goodbye and fairly leap over to Universal.

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At Universal

"PRINCESS O'HARA," starring Chester Morris, is being filmed on the back lot but when I get out there Chester isn't working. The scene is a street in New York and Ralph Remley, who plays *King O'Hara,* an old coachman, is driving his cab along the crowded street. In the back sits the rich Miss Van Cortland (Clara Blandick). Suddenly the traffic cop, Robert Emmett O'Connor, blows his whistle and the cab and autos come to a stop.

"How are ye, Gilcuddy?" Ralph asks, leaning down from the coachman's box.

"Fine, King," Mr. O'Connor replies, walking over to the cab. He turns towards Miss Blandick. "Nice day for a drive, Miss Van Cortland."

"Then why are we standing still?" she demands dyspeptically.

Horns are blowing like mad so O'Connor blows his whistle. "Get along," he barks above the noise to the King, "and let the millionaires get home."

"How's Mrs. Gilcuddy's foot?" the King inquires, hastily gathering up the reins.

"I've no time to be goin' into *that,*" is O'Connor's thanks for his solicitude.

"Tell her I was askin'," the King instructs him. "Giddap, Goldberg," he says to the horse.

"Cut," orders the director.

This is adapted from one of Damon Runyon's best sellers.

On another street, "It Happened in New York" is shooting. The way they fake these streets never ceases to amaze me. Here's one with a subway entrance on the corner, the service entrance to the Hotel St. Savoy, cabs whizzing by and people rushing along the street. Suddenly a cab whizzes up to the entrance with no tire on one wheel and screeches to a stop. Lyle Talbot in a driver's cap jumps out, rushes around and opens the door.

"Here you are," he grins.

Lyle Talbot in a part that he likes in "It Happened in New York."

Gertrude Michael and Adrienne D'Ambricourt emerge, the latter evidently a maid or secretary.

"Thanks," Gert smiles and turns to Adrienne. "Pay him for the tire."

"Is $10.00 enough?" Adrienne asks doubtfully.

"OK," Lyle grins some more. He looks after the women as they disappear through the service entrance, opens the front door of his cab and shouts at some bellhops: "Hey, you fellows, gimme a hand with these bags, will you?"

"This is a swell part," Lyle announces when the scene is finished. "It's just the kind of thing I want to do. Say, Dick, why don't we ever see each other any more? Why don't you ever call up?"

"I will," I promise.

"Come on," says the unromantic Teddy. "I got work to do." We walk along in silence for maybe a half a minute when Teddy suddenly bursts out, "Say, Dick! Did you ever stop to think that paying alimony is like buying oats for a dead horse? You can quote me on that, too. It's quite a thought. Now, here, we have one of Universal's best pictures called 'The Bride of Frankenstein.' You remember 'Frankenstein,' of course, so I don't have to tell you what this is all about but you'll have to walk on tiptoes because Mr. Whale, the director, doesn't like visitors on his sets and it's only because you're a personal friend of mine that I can get you on it at all."

We tiptoe on the stage and you can take it from me it's a horror picture all right, all right. The back end of a living room has been knocked out and right there where the fireplace ought to be you run smack into a graveyard. We wander about among the graves and suddenly find our-

"The Bride of Frankenstein"—with a shiver of horror in every scene.

selves in some long, narrow passages that remind you of the catacombs. Everywhere you look are coffins standing on stone and marble slabs. Suddenly *Dr. Pretorious* (Ernest Thesiger) comes marching along with two henchmen. He's carrying a lantern.

He turns in to one of the vaults and holds the lantern over the name plate on a coffin.

"That's the one," Thesiger announces in a satisfied tone. "Get to work." He is laying out his surgeon's instruments on another coffin nearby when he notices the men are standing by. "What are you waiting for?" he yells.

The men look at each other, frightened to the marrow of their bones. But they're more afraid of Thesiger. "Mercy on us," mutters one.

"Do you want me to send you to the gallows where you belong?" Ernie snarls.

"It'd be no worse than this," mutters the second ghoul.

Each looks at the other for courage. Then they take a deep breath, spit on their hands, grab their crowbars and pry the lid of the coffin open.

"Let's get out of here," I whisper to Mac. "Frankenstein didn't have to return as far as I'm concerned."

"Shucks," says Mac. "Don't forget what I told you, Dick. Paying alimony is like—"

But by the time he is finished I'm well on my way to Twentieth Century and hoping the light lasts until I get there.

At Twentieth Century

I MIGHT as well have saved myself the trouble of coming here. "The Call of the Wild" featuring Clark Gable, Jack Oakie and Loretta Young is on location up in Washington, "Les Miserables" starring Fredric March and Charles Laughton doesn't start until tomorrow and Maurice Chevalier is making scenes for the French version of the "Folies Bergere de Paris."

So I'll just say "goodnight" and "I'll see you next month—unless *Frankenstein* gets me in the meantime.

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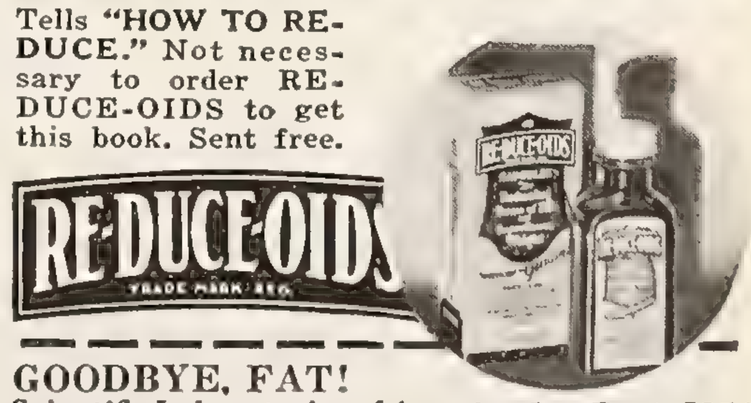

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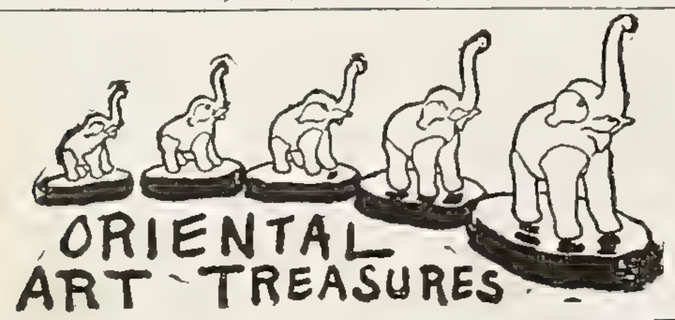

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Answers to the Puzzle Pictures on Page 6

1. Jack Oakie
2. Max Baer
3. Charles Butterworth
4. Claude Rains
5. George Raft
6. Arline Judge
7. Henry Armetta
8. Edmund Lowe
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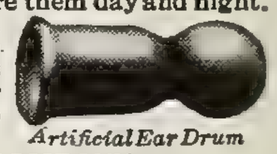

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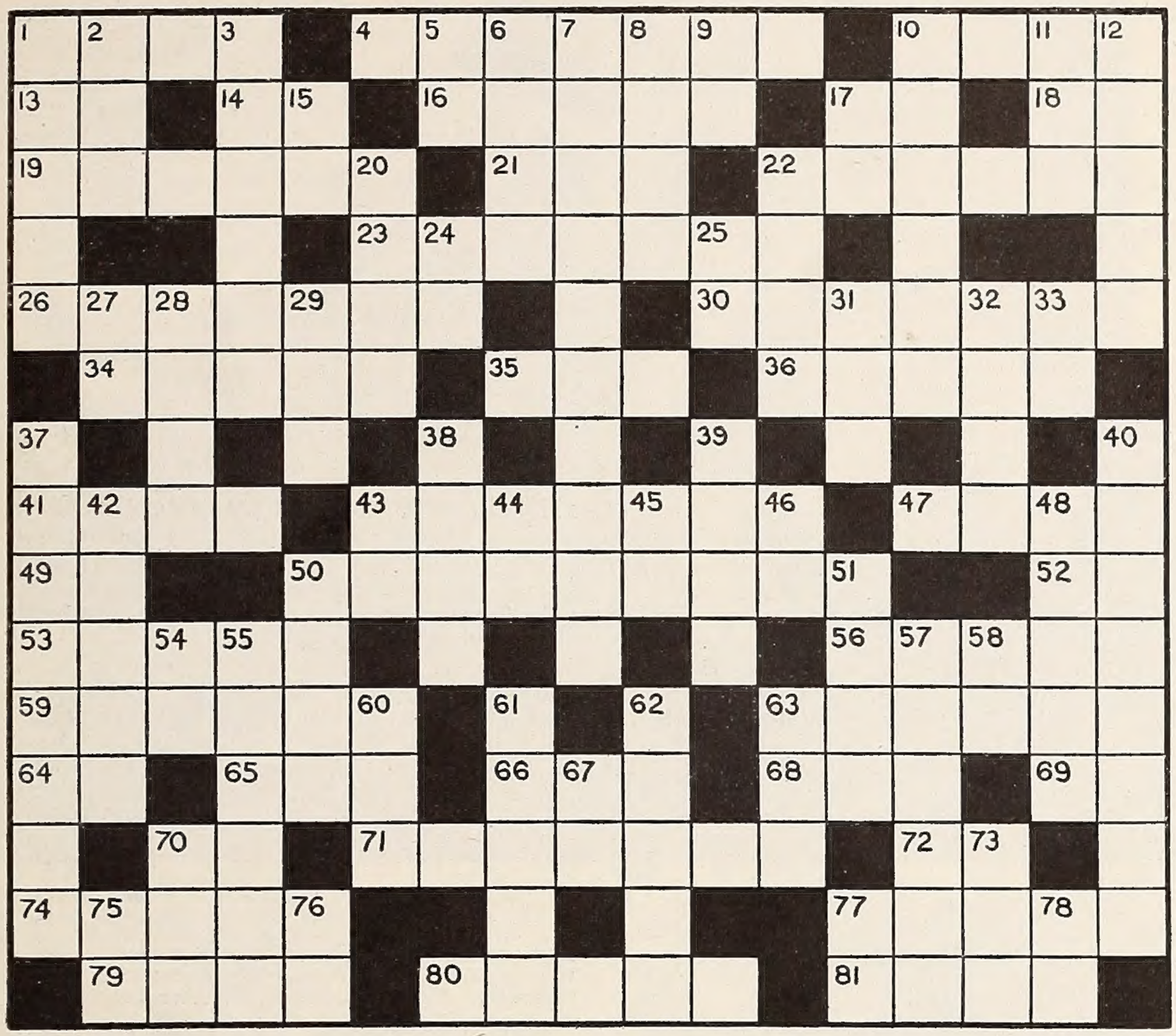
A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



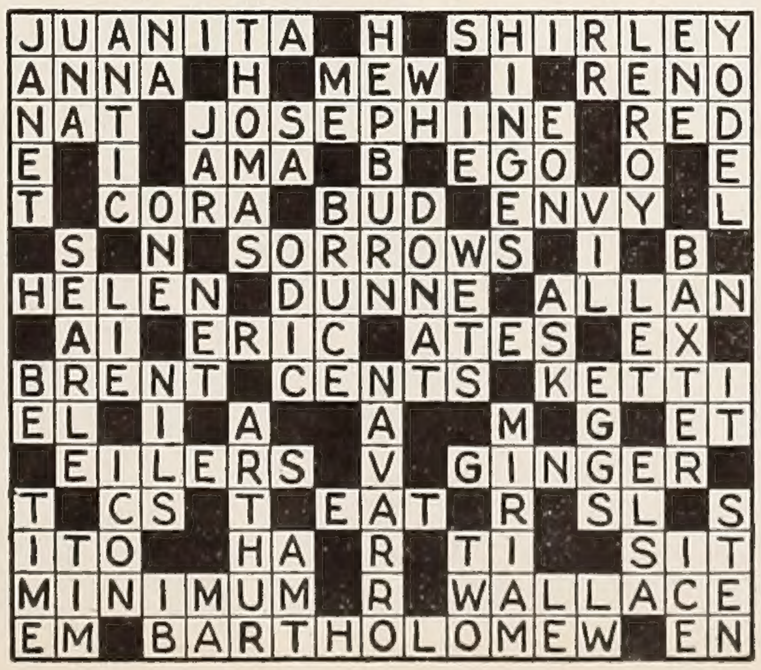
ACROSS

1 "The Little Minister"
4 The pick pocket in "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round"
10 Shirley Temple's pal
13 A sacred word of the Brahmins
14 Within
16 The charming star of "One Night Of Love"
17 Myself
18 Mrs. Bruce Cabot (initials)
19 His most famous picture was "Dracula"
21 The amusing maid in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
22 One of the nurses in "The White Parade"
23 Large edible sea tortoises
26 With Richard Dix in "West of the Pecos"
30 She appears next in "Devil Dogs of the Air"
34 A town in Massachusetts
35 She dances in Rudy Vallee's new picture
36 Encourages
41 He will be seen in "Vanessa, Her Love Story"
43 Usually teamed with Mary Boland
47 Joe Penner's lady love in "College Rhythm"
49 Regarding
50 The press agent in "Hollywood Mystery"
52 A suffix
53 His latest picture is "The Night Is Young"
56 Agnes in "David Copperfield"
59 She gave a remarkable performance in "Evelyn Prentice"
63 A ditch
64 A point of compass
65 A female sheep
66 Before
68 Electrified particle
69 Everyone (abbr.)
70 Either
71 The little bad girl of "Bright Eyes"
72 Perform
74 A very wealthy man in India
77 A wooden pin
79 A tooth or spike
80 Margaret in "The Little Minister"
81 He appears with Colbert in her new picture

DOWN

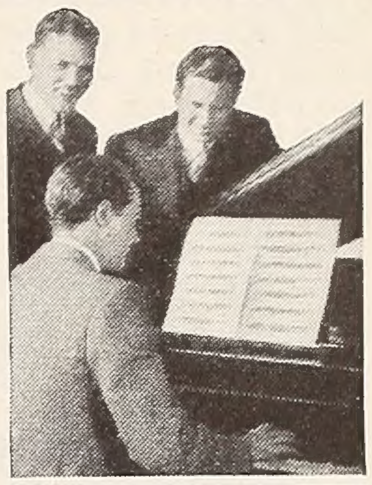
1 With Gloria Swanson in "Music in the Air"
2 A large Australian bird
3 He's in Shirley Temple's new picture
5 Morning
6 Belonging to you
7 The Mexican girl in "Hell in the Heavens"
8 Spoken
9 A point of compass
10 Beguile or deceive
11 Negative
12 She was the star of "Jealousy"
15 She was born in Montreal (initials)
17 Bill Powell's wife in "The Thin Man" (initials)
20 A separate article
22 The largest continent of the world
24 Abraham's home land
25 A mode of transportation
27 A recently deceased director (initials)
28 The Orient
29 A writing implement
31 One of the broadcasting networks
32 Remain
33 Comparable to
37 The singer who made "The Last Round Up" famous
38 Now working in "Go Into Your Dance"
39 "The Belle of the Nineties"
40 With Margaret Sullavan in "The Good Fairy"
42 Irritate or annoy
43 In the cast of "Whom The Gods Destroy" (initials)
44 The author of "Silas Marner" (initials)
45 An army officer (abbr.)
46 Therefore
48 What chorus girls do for a living
50 Over again
51 He played the fiddle while Rome burned
54 Parent
55 An English actress appearing in "The Private Life of Don Juan"
57 One who sells
58 Indefinite article
60 To whom Ginger Rogers was recently married
61 Her latest is "Bordertown"
62 "The Mighty Barnum"
63 A contraction of "it is"
67 Soon to be seen in "Life Begins at 40" (initials)
70 A sash worn by Japanese women
73 To be indebted to
75 Near
76 Exist
77 The former husband of Joan Crawford
78 A well known radio comedian

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



NEVER TOOK A LESSON FROM A TEACHER

—yet Bob is the envy of his music-loving friends



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The Final Fling

THE marvels that the technicians of pictures have performed are appreciated by us, perhaps, more than by most people, because we understand them. We, too, have made things appear to be other than what they were for the camera, and we have seen the film thus manufactured entertain packed theatres. When the raging torrent carries away the bridge, or when the ocean liner staggers in the raging storm, we are appreciative from more or less of an expert standpoint. But the time has come when we wish for less cleverness in picture making. We refer to the custom of dubbing in singing voices when the beautiful leading lady happens to be unable to deliver the operatic goods.

Elissa Landi

We like Elissa Landi and we do not doubt that she sings very sweetly. In order to express more fully the character of the opera singer in "Enter Madame," the sound crew supplied a voice and Elissa made the pictures to fit. The result was that the character became phoney and lost our sympathy completely. We like the stars and we would like to hear their voices. Let the sound crew build up their volume and timber and aid these singing stars as much as they can, but please let us hear the voices of our favorites *as they are being photographed.* The business of the clever boys with the amplifying tubes is to give us the illusion of truth, not to rob us of the appearance and sound of reality.

Virginia Bruce, in "The Mighty Barnum," was put in the position of looking incapable and her natural acting ability, which had been winning us, was marred by the confounded sound men. Suppose she couldn't sing as good as Jenny Lind was supposed to have sung. We are sure that, if left alone, she would have sung well enough to have won those of us who were already completely beguiled.

We ask an end to the degrading business of having a great star work her jaw in pitiful and often grotesque grimaces while a singer, with all the vocal tricks of the seasoned operatic performer, does her stuff.

Usually the singer sings much too loudly and the "blast" sound has no charm in it anyhow.

Let the dubs cease their dubbing and go back to their "sound effects." No star needs to be afraid. Let the character sing, for it is the emotional quality that counts, not just the noise.

THE EDITOR

REVIEWS

TIPS ON PICTURES

A shot from "Reckless," the new picture with Jean Harlow and William Powell.

BAND PLAYS ON, THE—Good Comedy. A football coach takes an interest in four wayward youngsters, later turning them into crack college football players. (Stu Erwin, Leo Carrillo, Betty Furness, Robert Young.)

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL—Splendid. As the artist induced to invent a spicy love-life for the consumption of tabloid readers, Ann Harding is once more her gay, delightful self. (Bob Montgomery, Ed. Everett Horton.)

BORDERTOWN—Highly Dramatic. There's plenty of red-meat in this vital, down-to-earth story of the young Mexican upstart who, after studying law, tries to hit the high spots socially. (Paul Muni, Bette Davis, Eugene Pallette.)

ENCHANTED APRIL—Fair. Whimsy is the key-note of this frothy comedy concerning four women who rent a romantic castle in Italy, the serenity of which is destroyed by the unexpected visits of their men-folks. (Ann Harding, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen.)

EVERGREEN—Fine. A sparkling musical made in England, with Jessie Matthews, the feminine counterpart of Fred Astaire, dancing and singing her way right into your affections.

GILDED LILY, THE—Fine Entertainment. Claudette Colbert is "tops" in one of those sparkling comedies on the type of "It Happned One Night." Fred MacMurray is her side-kick in this opus . . . you'll like him lots.

HELLDORADO—Fine. Caught in a cloudburst, a group of interesting characters are marooned in a ghost-town which provides a dramatic setting for them all. (Dick Arlen, Madge Evans, Ralph Bellamy, Stepin Fetchit.)

LITTLE MINISTER, THE—Fine. The oldsters will remember this whimsical Scotch story by J. M. Barrie, and now, with Katharine Hepburn and John Beal cast in the leading rôles, the youngsters will have a chance to see what they've been raving about.

LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER—Splendid. Don't miss this extraordinarily fascinating tale of an English regiment stationed at a remote outpost in India. Characters are played by Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Sir Guy Standing, etc.

LOTTERY LOVER—Fair. This comedy serves as the initial screen début for the much discussed Peggy Fears. The setting is Paris at a time when the American Navy is doing its flag-waving in that town. (Lew Ayres, Pat Paterson.)

NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE—Pleasing Operetta. Even if the story is not particularly novel, the music is charming and so are Evelyn Laye & Ramon Novarro. The comedy is in charge of Charles Butterworth & Una Merkel.

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN—Fine. An exceptionally well planned murder-mystery, with such players as Charles Bickford, Helen Vinson, Onslow Stevens, Sidney Blackmer in the principal rôles.

ONLY EIGHT HOURS—Fine. In spite of the fact that a hospital is the setting, this is a highly engrossing and entertaining film. The patients, as well as the nurses & doctors, have their moment. (Virginia Bruce, Chester Morris.)

RED HOT TIRES—Fair. A melodrama of decidedly dated type, with a murder, a jail-break, an automobile race, etc., etc., to keep the pace steadily exciting. Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot, Gavin Gordon.)

RUNAWAY BRIDE—Fine. A romantic comedy, produced in England, with some exquisite Swiss scenery to command your interest, as well as splendid performances by the two leads—Anna Neagle & Fernand Graavey.

SECRET BRIDE—Entertaining. A story of political intrigue in high places, with Arthur Byron cast as the Governor accused of bribery, Barbara Stanwyck playing his daughter, and Warren William her secret husband.

SILVER STREAK, THE—Good. The new streamline railroad train carries the weight of this exceptionally fast-moving, and continuously exciting melodrama featuring Sally Blane, Irving Pichel, Hardie Albright.

SWEEPSTAKE ANNIE—Good. One of those wholesome little tales that you needn't hesitate to bring the children to. In cast Marion Nixon, Tom Brown, Wera Engels, Lucien Littlefield.

THUNDER IN THE EAST—Excellent. A compelling and romantic drama, concerning an English and a Japanese naval officer, which will stir your profound interest as well as your emotions. (Merle Oberon, John Loder, Charles Boyer.)

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY—Charming. In this romantic version of the composer Franz Schubert's life, we discover why he never finished that marvellous symphony of his. Helen Chandler & Merta Eggerth share feminine honors, and Hans Jaray plays Schubert.

WANDERING JEW, THE—Unusual. An impressive, if somewhat ponderous study of the mystical Jew who was doomed, because of some offence during the life of Christ, to wander down thru the ages to work out his penance. Conrad Veidt in the title rôle.

WHITE COCKATOO, THE—Fair.—A genuine, old-fashioned mystery melodrama, with all the trimmings. The sort of film-fare we all dote on at times. In fine cast, Jean Muir and Ricardo Cortez.

WINNING TICKET—Fair. This relies upon an Irish Sweepstakes' ticket for motivation, and contains all the "human interest" ingredients. In cast, Leo Carrillo, Louise Fazenda, Ted Healy.

WOMAN IN THE DARK—Good. A society melodrama, with Fay Wray the exquisite young lady in distress, Ralph Bellamy the cynical gentleman who has learned how to "take it" and Melvyn Douglas the smooth-tongued villain.

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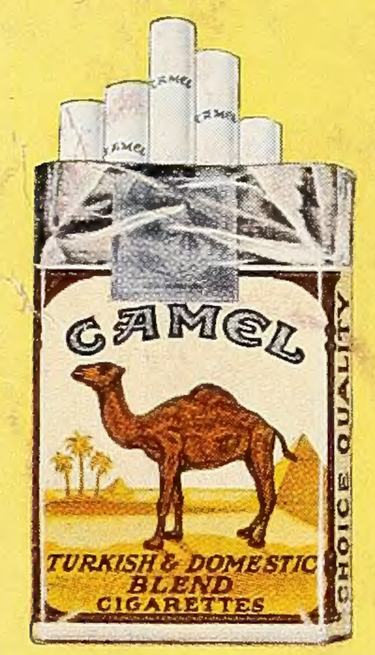

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